

The

OCTOBER | NOVEMBER 1999 \$4.95

Beaver

**Pauline
Johnson:**
*Mohawk
Princess*

**The Wild,
Wild West**

When Europeans
came to play

**Frontenac
and Phips
face off**

*The Internet:
threat to
our heritage?*





Name/Nom

DRACULA

To/Destination

TRANSYLVANIA

Flight & Date/Vol et date

MIDNIGHT

As official airline of the Stratford Festival and sponsor of TVOntario, Air Canada is proud to support this summer's new production of *Dracula* on the stage, and as a special TVO presentation on November 16 at 9 p.m.

Enjoy zee eeeeevening.

AIR CANADA



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TELEVISION *that* MATTERS

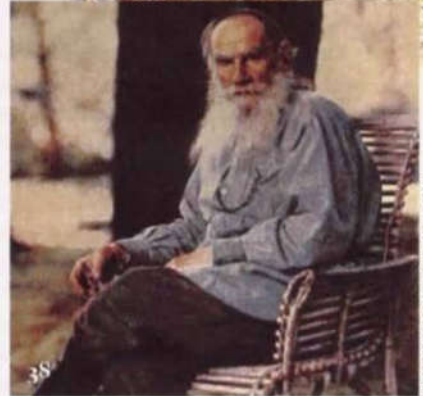
The Beaver

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Letters

The Beaver welcomes readers' comments. E-mail us at <cnhs@historysociety.ca> or write to *The Beaver*, 478-167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3B 0T6. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

Memories sought

AS AN AMERICAN INDIAN I would like to correspond with any Canadian First Nations person whether Indian, Métis, or Inuit who has adult or childhood memories of World War II. The person could have served in the Canadian military, Red Cross, merchant marine, Canadian civilian air patrol, media, civil defense, war industry job, or Canadian home front organization that helped the war effort.

I'm also interested in contacting First Nations women who replaced a man in any type of male-dominated occupation, as well as those affiliated with POW camps on Canadian soil or the Japanese-Canadian relocation centers.

Thank you for your consideration.

Robert J. Clark, Director
Indigenous Peoples During WWII History Project
P.O. Box 315, Granite City, Illinois 62040

Architectural add-ons

I HAVE A FEW COMMENTS TO MAKE ON Philip Jensen's excellent article on Francis Rattenbury [June/July 1999].

Charles Melville Hays was appointed general manager of the Grand Trunk Railway in 1895 and promoted to vice-president in 1901. In 1909 he was named president. Hays was therefore vice-president of the railway when he approached Rattenbury in 1902.

Canadian Pacific did not have a monopoly on chateau-style hotels in Canada. Grand Trunk also built in this style. Look, for example, at the Macdonald in Edmonton, the Fort Garry in Winnipeg, and the Chateau Laurier in Ottawa.

Rattenbury did not ultimately design every Grand Trunk hotel along the line, although he was tasked with the design of the Prince Rupert hotel, a 450-room hotel that never materialized. The flagship hotel, the Chateau Laurier in Ottawa, was actually designed by the American architect Bradford Lee Gilbert. In an early example of nationalist sentiment, he was later replaced by the Montreal firm of Ross and MacFarlane, which also designed the Fort Garry in Winnipeg.

Finally, you may like to know that at the Old Bailey trial in 1935 in which Alma was acquitted, the judge called her "a woman so lost to all sense of decency."

Gavin Murphy
London, England

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Re: The Architect and the Lady, by Philip Jensen *The Beaver*, June/July 1999.

We wish to acknowledge that a key source for the above article was the biography *Rattenbury* by Terry Reksten, a Victoria-based writer of history and biography. This award-winning work was first published in 1978 by Sono Nis Press of Victoria; a second edition was released in 1998.

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Gopher tales

BARBARA KELCEY'S PIECE "The Great Gopher War" [June/July 1999] brought back a memory for me. My late father was born and raised on a farm near Glenella, Manitoba, and in 1919 would have turned ten. He attended a one-room school there until Grade 6, and had fond memories of the riches brought to local farm children by the bounty paid on gopher tails. He never mentioned the use of poison, but talked only of the "traditional" method of killing them—using a length of binder twine with a noose around the gopher hole and waiting patiently, hunkered down some distance away with a club at the ready, until the errant gopher stuck its head out. The boys would show up Monday morning with a pocketful of tails, and their teacher, not wanting to get too close to "the filthy things," had the boys pile them at her feet. Then she'd flick them one by one with her yard-long pointer to count them off. The boys may have lacked the tools to kill a lot of gophers, but this apparently didn't dampen their entrepreneurial spirit. They'd learned to kill one gopher, skin it, and cut the skin into strips to dry in the sun. With her pointer, the teacher was unable to distinguish curled up strips of hide from a scruffy tail. Regarding the motto about "honesty, gophers, bounty," I guess on grandpa's farm that summer of 1919, honesty suffered, the gopher population

did not, and the bounty was great.

Ian J. Campbell
Orleans, Ontario

THE JUNE/JULY ISSUE of 'our magazine' was a delight throughout—I much enjoyed the whole issue. The article about gophers reminded me of the girl who lived near Vermilion, before 1920, who collected enough tails of those rodents to buy herself a riding pony. I was one of those school kids who enjoyed pouring puddle water into the burrows to force them to their fate.

Other stories in the magazine do you proud. A reader now for several years, I'm glad that the transition from early accounts from fur trader days has been nicely expanded to the excellence leading up to the very latest issue.

R. S. Faulks
Maple Ridge, B.C.

AS I READ THE FIRST LINES of the article on gopher hunting in the June/July 1999 issue, I was reminded of what Bill Randall, a former coyote hunter (now coyote defender) from Wyoming, said in 1991: "The government is spending millions to kill coyotes, and then spends millions more to kill gophers and other rodents. Coyotes would have done that, i.e., killed rodents, for free." A little food for thought.

Neven Humphrey
St.-Malachie, Quebec

Not so far-fetched

I HAVE JUST FINISHED READING Farley Mowat's latest book *Farfarers* [Christopher Moore column, December 1998/January 1999] and frankly I can't understand why so many so-called historians are so quick to condemn his theory.

Much of our history is based on conjecture and circumstantial evidence. For years historians thought the idea of Vikings actually landing in North America before Columbus illogical and far-fetched. It took a lot of digging to prove the theory correct. Now it's accepted fact.

Instead of being so quick to condemn the idea, perhaps archeologists should be taking a closer look at the physical evidence that is available.

Wayne Lavigne
Pembroke, Ontario

Belt-plates, not buttons

I AM WRITING ABOUT CARL BENN'S SUPERB ARTICLE on the Royal Canadian Volunteers [June/July 1999]. I am afraid there is a small error on page 36, not in the text but in some of the pictures and their caption.

The Royal Canadian Volunteers pewter buttons (left) are not buttons at all but oval brass shoulder belt-plates of the first battalion. The belt-plate was fixed to the belt-supporting bayonet scabbard so that it would be at the middle of the soldier's chest, where both the bayonet and the cartridge box cross, and is shown just below the soldier's right hand in Charles Stadden's picture on the same page. Brings back memories, as I commissioned that painting years ago reconstituting the uniform from clothing bills found in the NAC (then the PAC).

René Chartrand
Hull, Quebec

Other gardens, other places

CHRISTOPHER MOORE'S "HISTORY BLOOMS IN THE GARDEN," [April/May 1999] makes no mention of Edwina von Baeyer's earlier book *Rhetoric and Roses: A History of Canadian Gardening 1900-1930*, which came out in 1984.

In it, she charts the rise of ornamental gardening in Canada through the various moral and spiritual improvement movements, civic and farm beautification, school and home gardens, and the railway garden. Except for railway gardens and the school garden programs, little went transdominion. Even the railway gardens had little reality in British Columbia (too much natural beauty perhaps), while the Toronto-produced school textbooks authorized for use in Manitoba schools referenced only U.S. Department of Agriculture bulletins for the home and school gardens and farm grounds improvements chapters.

While the current research and writings constitute a sound basis to garden history in Canada, little attention has been paid to the Prairies and coastal B.C. With the recent acceptance into the special arrangements graduate program at Simon Fraser University to undertake a doctoral dissertation titled "Garden Landscape Concepts & Ornamental Horticultural Development in Canada's Prairie Provinces and Coastal British Columbia, 1888-1999," the writer hopes to help to fill this gap in our garden heritage for these two regions of Western Canada. It's the writer's millennium project after retirement from thirty years of practice as a landscape architect in the two environments. With sets of great-grandparents immigrating into both in 1888, there should be enough Canadian content to satisfy my two SFU history advisors. Sounds like Canadian history, eh?

Clive L. Justice
Vancouver

Arrow to the heart

There's nothing like premature death to feed the stuff of legend. It happened to JFK and Marilyn and Elvis and Di. It happens to things, too. As columnist Chris Moore discussed in the August/September issue of the *Beaver*, the Avro Arrow, the Canadian-designed jet fighter cancelled forty years ago by the Diefenbaker government not long after several successful test flights, has only grown in fame, spawning books, a television movie, and websites galore. Now, the Arrow will fly again!

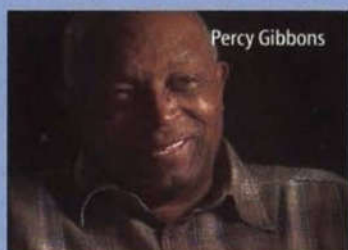
Okay, we're fibbing. The Arrow won't fly, at least in the sense of into the deep blue yonder. (The Chief would probably spin in his grave if it did.) Rather, the Arrow is being resurrected. The Toronto Aerospace Museum is building a full-sized (twenty-one metres long, with a fifteen-metre wingspan) replica of one of the original aircraft—RL 203, to be precise—for display at its Downsview site. Though it won't fly, it will be taxable for outdoor exhibitions. Scheduled for completion next year, the model will consist of a stainless steel frame with aluminum skin painted in white and Day-Glo colours with the Canadian Ensign impressed on the tail. The cockpit, complete with ejector seat, will simulate the original, though it's unlikely you or I will be allowed to sit in it. And project organizers are hoping to acquire one of the original Pratt and Whitney J-75 engines for display alongside. The museum's reproduction is largely a labour of love for Arrowheads, some of whom were involved in the original design and manufacture forty years ago. In fact the project leader, Claude Sherwood, was a young draftsman at the time. The date the Arrow was cancelled—February 20, 1959—sticks in his memory. It was his twenty-first birthday.

A new Leif

In the Chinese calendar it's the year of the rabbit. In the Scandinavian countries, beginning this month, it's the year of Leif Ericson, who, you may recall, was a Norse mariner sailing about at the turn of the last millennium. This may not strike you as immediately Canadian in subject matter but remember this: Leif, son of Eric the Red, is considered the first European to plant his tootsies on the soil that would one day be North America, which, as you know, happens to include Canada. And so, for this, he is being honoured in abundance, not only in Nordic countries but in Canada and the U.S. as well. That the Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade in New York will feature a Viking balloon you don't need to know. What is more exciting to learn is that a replica ship, the *Islelingur*, is scheduled next summer to sail from Iceland to Greenland to Newfoundland, retracing Ericson's route, and to arrive around August 4 at L'Anse aux Meadows, on Newfoundland's northern tip, where the Vikings built seasonal camps in the first years of the eleventh century. Two days of revelry will ensue (which we trust will not reinforce certain stereotypes about Vikings) and then the ship (and other craft that apply to join

Just Folks TV

Canadian history, in the conventional telling (or at least the way we learned it at school in days of yore), is often a catalogue of the achievements of a whole lotta white alpha-males, now deceased and commemorated in bronze in public squares. Meanwhile, contemporary celebrity-soaked culture—brought to you via American TV—seems to be a parade of the dubious achievements of anorexic Hollywood starlets, millionaire athletes, and peculiar fashion designers. So we rush to our thesaurus to trot out synonyms for such words as “refreshing” and “delightful” to describe Vision TV's forthcoming ten-part series *Living History*, which—wait for it—recounts the stories of perfectly ordinary Canadians—female, male, nonwhite, white—who never garnered a headline or had a microphone shoved in



Percy Gibbons



Frank Moritsugu

their face to capture their latest soundbite, yet who, through their own courage and perseverance, helped mould this entity we call Canada.

Debuting October 21, and continuing each Thursday for six weeks (with four more episodes to be announced), *Living History* features Canadians of the World War II generation and older whose otherwise unextraordinary lives intersected with the extraordinary events of the first half of the twentieth century, including mass immigration, world war, and economic depression. Percy Gibbons arrived in Toronto from St. Kitts as an eight-year-old to spend a lifetime struggling

against racial discrimination to educate himself and find an honoured place in the world. Frank Moritsugu spent part of World War II working on B.C.'s highways under armed guard (his father was interned as an “enemy alien”), but

when recruited for the Canadian military joined and served despite the treatment to his family. Gladys Cook spent twelve years in a Manitoba native residential school run by the Anglican Church, yet, ironically, in old age works as an active Anglican. Other episodes deal in the same close and personal way with, among other topics, the beginnings of the women's movement in Canada, the impact of war on women's lives, and the rise of Quebec nationalism.

“Sweet [and] celebratory,” wrote one early reviewer of these programs. Entertainment tonight, not *Entertainment Tonight*.

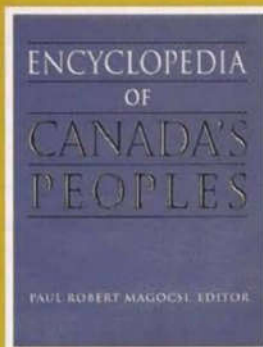
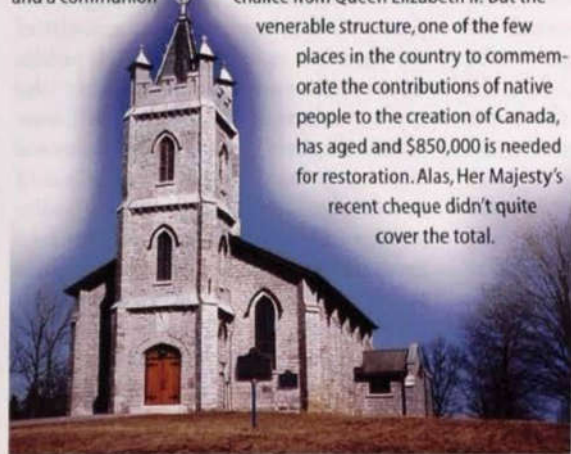
this once-in-a-lifetime event) will make its way to different ports along the Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia coasts (more revelry opportunities) en route to the United States, retracing Ericson's steps to a place he called "Vineland," which is believed to be somewhere along the eastern seaboard. So, if you've got a helmet with horns and want to spend ten weeks in a boat on the North Atlantic, this adventure's for you. More information at <www.leif2000.org/sail2000.htm>.

No carbuncles, please

Are you a local government? Have you shown exemplary commitment to the preservation of the built heritage in your jurisdiction? (And if not, why not?) Doesn't matter if you're large or small, urban or rural – you may be eligible for the newly minted Prince of Wales Prize, which will be administered by the Heritage Canada Foundation. HRH the Prince of Wales, who once commented that a proposed modernist addition to the National Gallery in London looked like a monstrous carbuncle, and who is a well-known advocate of architectural preservation, has lent his title to the prize, detailed guidelines for which will be made public this month at the annual Heritage Canada Foundation conference in St. John's, Newfoundland. The winner of the first Prince of Wales Prize won't be announced until September 2000, however, so there's lots of time to fill in those nomination forms. Who knows? A bunch of neat old buildings in your neighbourhood may just get the royal nod.

Meanwhile, in other heritage news with a royal link, Christ Church, Her Majesty's Royal Chapel of the Mohawks, located at Tyendinaga, east of Belleville, Ontario, has received support, financial and otherwise, from the Queen and the Prince of Wales toward the refurbishment of what is one of only six royal chapels outside the United Kingdom. A provincial as well as a national historic site, the Gothic structure was built in 1843 and houses a number of gifts given to the Mohawks over the last three centuries to commemorate the political and military alliance between the Mohawks and the British Crown – among them, communion silver from Queen Anne, a triptych from King George III, a bible from Queen Victoria, a royal coat of arms from King George V, and a communion chalice from Queen Elizabeth II. But the

venerable structure, one of the few places in the country to commemorate the contributions of native people to the creation of Canada, has aged and \$850,000 is needed for restoration. Alas, Her Majesty's recent cheque didn't quite cover the total.



Canadians between the covers

And in our massive undertakings department, we present for your edification and delectation the whopping 1,380-page *Encyclopedia of Canada's Peoples* (a Christmas stocking stuffer to be sure), written by over three hundred scholars, edited by University of Toronto history professor Paul Robert Magocsi, and recently published by University of Toronto Press. If any of you out there in readershipland were clinging

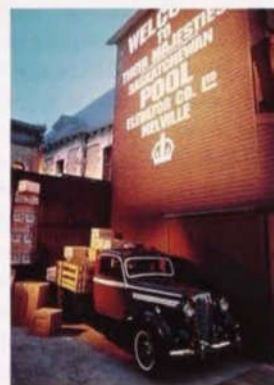
to the idea that Canada is still an outpost of the British Empire, this mighty work, a decade in the making, will quickly disabuse you of such a quaint notion. At the end of the twentieth century, Canada, as this reference work indicates, is the very model of a modern multicultural state. Absolutely cosmopolitan. This landmark volume, a first for Canada (immigrant countries such as the U.S. and Australia already have such compilations), features detailed descriptions of 130 peoples who constitute Canadians, ranging from aboriginals to the Welsh (sorry, no immigrants seem to begin with the letter zed), outlining their origins, migration patterns, settlement, economic and community life, family and kinship, language, culture, religion, politics – the whole kit and caboodle. Comprehensive, to be sure, though the editor modestly proclaims the encyclopedia is not a definitive work. On the other hand, as long as Canada is a nation of immigrants, no compendium of its peoples could ever be complete. Still, this should do for a good long while.

Western quintessence

Seems funny going to Ottawa to see a grain elevator. But, heck, even here on the prairies where the *Beaver* is produced, grain elevators are rapidly getting scarce. And there's nothing like a dwindling phenomenon to pique the interest of the museologically inclined. Hence the Canadian Museum of Civilization's new permanent exhibition, *King Wheat*, which features nothing less than a full-sized replica of a Saskatchewan grain elevator – specifically a Saskatchewan Wheat Pool elevator in Melville as it appeared in June 1939 when King George VI and Queen Elizabeth stopped by on their whirlwind cross-country rail tour of Canada. A nice distillation, we think, of agricultural history (wheat farming was once the backbone of the Prairie economy), economic history (SaskPool became the largest cooperative of agricultural products in the world), and political history (the visit of Their Majesties was to gird Canadians for the coming war in Europe).

After the first wooden grain elevators were built on the Prairies in the 1870s, nearly six thousand were built, some eleven to eighteen kilometres apart along the railway lines. A grain elevator once marked a Prairie village the way a steeple marks a church. Today, less than a thousand wooden grain elevators remain. Most have been replaced by some newfangled thing that doesn't look half as dramatic against a big prairie sky.

One day, perhaps, there'll only be one wooden grain elevator left. In Ottawa.



19-130

Canada's First War

A hundred years ago this October, Canadians went to war in South Africa. For two and a half years the war occupied a central place in their private and public discourse. It engaged their imaginations and claimed their time and resources. Before it ended on May 31, 1902, over 7,368 adventurous young Canadian volunteers (officially between the ages of twenty-two and forty, though some were as young as fifteen) had served in South Africa. It was Canada's first overseas military expedition. It was not its last.

At home, citizen volunteers formed patriotic organizations and raised large sums of money to entertain, support, and reward their citizen soldiers, assist their dependents, and later to perpetuate their memory. The war affected industry, trade, transportation, politics, and public policy. It influenced literature, music, and fashion. It left its participants with lifelong memories and friendships, and it brought death, injury, disease, rivalry, and personal bitterness. Until it was overshadowed by the Great War (1914-18), the Boer War was, for Canadians, the most significant public event of the twentieth century.

According to Canadian historians, the South African War had a profound impact upon Canadian life and politics. In their view, the Boer War weakened Canada's imperial tie to Great Britain, broke Sir Wilfrid Laurier's power in Quebec, strengthened French-Canadian nationalism, split open the cleft

between French and English Canadians, and launched the twentieth-century French-Canadian separatist movement. It stimulated militia reform and served as a dress rehearsal for the Great War's conscription crisis.

Historians have disagreed sharply, however, over the war's causes. Some have cast it as a socioeconomic conflict, others as an ethnocultural struggle, while still others see it as a piece in the European struggle over the partition of Africa. Established by the Dutch East India Company in the late seventeenth century as a strategic post and provisioning station, the Cape of Good Hope had been settled by Dutch peasants and French Huguenots fleeing Louis XIV's anti-Protestant edicts. Increasingly cut off from Europe, it had developed into a distinct, homogeneous, Dutch-speaking, Boer (farmer) society.

Encounters between the British and Boer population had never been cordial since the British seized the Cape Colony in 1795, then purchased it from the Dutch in 1815. Faced by the influx of British immigrants, the imposition of British laws, especially the abolition of slavery in 1833, a large number of Boers had trekked into the interior in search of land, labour, and freedom from British control. There they had established two Boer republics, the Transvaal Republic and the Orange Free State. Their encroachment on Bantu lands and the march of British settlement had created a troubled triangular relationship between Britain,

Boer, and Bantu that delineated their changing political borders during much of the nineteenth century.

The discovery of diamonds in 1867 and gold in 1884 drew a rush of foreigners or *uitlanders* into the republics, an influx that challenged the republics' laws, religion, language, customs, and political independence. Apprehensive of the republics' growing wealth, independence, armament, and rapprochement with Germany, the British viewed the republics' new wealth and autonomy as a threat to British control of the Cape. In 1899, faced by an unresolved confrontation over the Boers' treatment of the *uitlanders*, the British moved troops to the Cape. When further negotiations failed, the Boers ordered the British to withdraw their troops within forty-eight hours, accept arbitration of their grievances, or face war. Early in the morning of October 11, 1899, Boer troops moved into British territory.

The question of Canadian participation in this conflict was the focus of an intense and acrimonious public debate that appeared to divide the country along its linguistic fault line. Many English Canadians considered the war a loyalty test, a question of imperial solidarity, a matter of allegiance to Queen, flag, kith, kin, language, religion, and governance. Others saw the conflict in more pragmatic terms, as an opportunity to obtain status, purchase security, and share in the material benefits of war. A few English Canadians, drawn from rural communities, radical labour, the Protestant

clergy, Irish and German groups, opposed the war and Canadian participation. Their opposition was based on liberal, socialist, pacifistic, anglophobic, and practical considerations.

Most French Canadians were opposed or indifferent to Canadian participation in the war. While a small but articulate number of French Canadians supported the Boers, and a few actively backed the British cause, most French Canadians considered the war one of dubious justice, far from Canadian shores, that threatened no apparent Canadian interest and from which Canada could expect no real profit. More worrying still, Canadian participation would create a dangerous constitutional principle, a blood tax, that would challenge the foundations of the liberal Empire to which French Canadians were firmly attached. Moreover, many French Canadians identified with the Boers, with whom they imagined social, ethnic, and historic affinities, a minority like themselves, struggling to retain their religious, linguistic, and ethnic identity within an Empire dominated by a foreign and materialistic culture.

After a heated two-day cabinet meeting, Laurier's government reluctantly agreed to recruit and despatch 1,000 infantrymen, designated the Second Battalion Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry. When Britain encountered reverses in December 1899, Canada raised another contingent composed of a battalion of Canadian Mounted Rifles, a battalion of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, and a brigade of the Royal Canadian Field Artillery. A third Canadian contingent, the Lord Strathcona's Horse, was financed by Lord Strathcona, Canada's wealthy high commissioner to the United Kingdom. Before the war ended, Canada con-

In the words of the prime minister, Canada's participation and success in the war "announced to the World that a new power had arisen in the West."

tributed four more battalions of Canadian Mounted Rifles, a consignment of 1,200 men for Baden-Powell's South African Constabulary. It also contributed a field hospital, sixteen nurses, six chaplains, five postal clerks, twenty-three artificers, and an undetermined number of irregular volunteers who served in units such as Howard's Canadian Scouts and Brabant's Horse.

Only the first two contingents

stamina, skill, and courage. At least 270 Canadian soldiers died, over half of them from disease, principally enteric fever. Another 252 more were wounded – some, like Ottawa's Trooper L.W.R. Mulloy, who lost both eyes, remained for years a living monument to the cost of Canadian participation in the Boer War. Four Canadians received the Victoria Cross, nineteen the Distinguished Service Order, and seventeen the Distinguished Conduct Medal. One hundred and seventeen were mentioned in dispatches, and Canada's senior nursing sister, Georgina Pope, received the Royal Red Cross.

English Canadians welcomed their heroes home with parades and demonstrations. They raised statues and unveiled plaques to their memory and fashioned a nationalism out of their success. In the words of the prime minister, Canada's participation and success in the war "announced to the World that a new power had arisen in the West"; that Canada had become a nation in the eyes of the world. The volunteers themselves returned "singing their own Canadian war song." Patriots contrasted Canadians' energy, initiative, resourcefulness, and freedom from social constraints with humourless British compliance and mindless deference to class and social distinctions. Their relative success against the unorthodox methods of Boer warfare created a confidence, self-reliance, and a determination to devise military policies and organizations that reflected their own needs and assumptions, including distinctive kit and equipment. But these sentiments were not shared by all Canadians, especially French Canadians, for whom the war became a bitter reference point, a dress rehearsal for World War I. ■

Carman Miller teaches history at McGill University where he is dean of the faculty of arts. He is the author of *Painting the Map Red: Canada and the South African War 1899-1902*, published by McGill-Queen's University Press.

Royal Canadian Rifles in the Orange Free State, February, 1900.



B-328

were recruited under the authority of the Militia Act and were organized, clothed, equipped, transported, and partially paid by the Canadian government. The rest were recruited as temporary units of the British army and paid entirely by the British government. All volunteers agreed to serve for one year, except the men in the South African Constabulary who signed a three-year contract. Only the Royal Canadians, the First and Second Canadian Mounted Rifles, the Royal Canadian Dragoons, the Royal Canadian Field Artillery, the Strathcona's Horse, and the Constabulary engaged in active combat. The rest arrived too late, just as the peace was being signed.

In battles at Zand River, Paardeberg, Mafeking, Liliefontein, Lydenburg, Hart's River, and elsewhere, Canadian troops fought with tenacity,

Naval Gazing

The Art of Leonard Brooks



CANADIAN WAR ARTISTS / CN 10100

W-434

As Canadians mark the sixtieth anniversary year of the beginning of the Second World War, the *Beaver* features the work of Leonard Brooks, who was assigned under the Canadian War Art Program to record on canvas life aboard Royal Canadian Navy ships in the North Atlantic. By reputation a painter of northern Ontario landscapes, Brooks's war work helped liberate his artistic sensibilities and finally drew him to a country – Mexico – that fully embraced its artists. But even as he moved deeper into abstract composition, he never lost interest in ships and the nautical forms that helped shape his painter's eye. *by Peter Steven*

In 1944, thirty-three-year-old Canadian painter Leonard Brooks found himself in a remote, bleak, and beautiful spot of wartime Britain—Scapa Flow, in the Orkney Islands, north of Scotland. This was a major base for the British and Canadian navies, a training, refitting, and launching centre for the terrifying runs through the North Sea to northern Germany. Sub-lieutenant Brooks was there to paint the scene as an official war artist, one of thirty Canadian artists given commissions under the Canadian War Art Program to depict the war and the lives of those fighting in it. As he saw it, his job was to capture the feelings and mood of the place.

This two-year period as a war artist marked the high point of Brooks's Canadian career, a time when Canada's aims and the painter's most ardent desires were in perfect sync. The English-born artist was painting full-time, night and day, with a purpose and respect from society. From his trips to Scapa Flow and on ships all around Britain and across the Atlantic he completed more than two hundred works. Yet for most of his life, the story of Leonard Brooks and his relationship to Canada, the country to which he emigrated when he was two years old, reads like a lover's quarrel or an unrequited friendship. Only recently have the two edged closer again.

Left: Unlike Van Gogh's *Potato Eaters*, with its peasants rooted to the soil, the *Potato Peelers* depicts young sailors far out at sea. It's a significant painting about nonheroic mundane activities. The work shows Brooks's method, preoccupations, and style better than any other in this period. The composition is rooted in classical drawing, carefully built up with thick tempera. The ominous grey background looms up over dirty, long-rolling seas of the North Atlantic. The oddity of potatoes out of their element at sea creates an unforced metaphor of farm boys in the navy and Canadians in Europe.

Below, left: *Scapa from Flota*. Scapa Flow, an extensive landlocked anchorage in the Orkney Islands, north of Scotland, was a major base for the Canadian and British navies, and a launching centre for North Sea runs to Germany. As is often the case in Brooks's represen-

tational paintings, the sky is an important element. Clouded and vaguely threatening, the sky over Scapa Flow reflects the ominous mood of wartime.

Below, right: *Rough Weather, Minesweeper Bridge*. During the past century war artists have had an easier time depicting soldiers than sailors. After the passing of Admiral Nelson's era, acts of individual bravery in naval battle have proved a more difficult subject to capture than soldiers rushing headlong out of trenches. Only the small corvettes and motorized torpedo boats zipping with daring speed over the battleground of the English Channel during the Second World War provide a conventional vehicle for men in combat. In the modern navy, the larger the ship, the more difficult to shake the notion of sailors as small cogs within a vast machine.



CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM / CN 10169

W-434



CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM / CN 10165

W-434

In 1943, Canada reestablished a program for war artists similar to the Canadian War Memorials Fund created in 1916 to produce canvases, works on paper, and sculpture depicting Canada's participation in the Great War. Conceived by Vincent Massey and H.O. McCurry, director of the National Gallery of Canada, and placed under the jurisdiction

of the Department of National Defence, the Canadian War Art Program employed only Canadian artists serving in the armed forces. They produced thousands of works of art, much of it exhibited during the war to help citizens and military understand Canada's role in the war effort.

These vast, constantly changing seascapes presented a new challenge to a small-town North Bay painter, who was largely self-taught starting at age twelve. Brooks, like many others, had absorbed the landscape traditions of the Group of Seven and the Ontario College of Art. He recalls, "I could stand up to my neck in snow for hours."

A black ink sketch, titled *Halifax*, 1938, drawn on a page from an earlier notebook, shows Brooks in transition from the world of landscape to an art with new subjects, themes, and approaches. The sketch depicts a tight little group of sheds and houses, wedged between rock hills and the sea. A strong feeling of community prevails, but there's also a sense of visual, almost abstract rhythm in the black roofs that hold the composition together. Alongside the sketch Brooks has arranged a series of iconic elements.

It's as if these tiny docks, boats, fish shacks, and cartoon fish make up the building blocks of the adjacent composition. This menu of icons, or list of abstract ingredients, reminds us that even a sketch produced on the spot is not simply a slice of reality innocently observed, but also a construction of elements arranged by the artist. The ingredients along the side carry a modern charge akin to a computer screen with its menu or tool bar in the same frame as the composition itself. They also prefigure many of the artist's later Mexican works where abstraction takes centre stage.

After the war Leonard Brooks publicly chafed at the low pay and lack of recognition for painters in Canada. Like all who had served in the Canadian navy, his war experience had been tough and dangerous, but it had also given him and his art purpose, recognition, and even glamour. By the end of his stint Brooks knew that his course was set: he must be a full-time painter. Unfortunately, during the 1940s in Canada, this was nearly impossible.

Then, in 1947, a chance to try something different appeared in the form of a small Department of Veterans Affairs grant. Brooks took his eighty-dollar-a-month stipend and immediately left for Mexico to study mural painting. There he and his wife since 1935, Reva, immediately found success in a little



Corvette Galley. As in his *Potato Peelers*, Brooks chose instead to portray sailors in one of their day-to-day duties – preparing a meal, an evocation of the dignity the war effort brought to all work.

of the Department of National Defence, the Canadian War Art Program employed only Canadian artists serving in the armed forces. They produced thousands of works of art, much of it exhibited during the war to help citizens and military understand Canada's role in the war effort.

Brooks recalls that as a Canadian war artist for the navy he was given a pretty free hand. He is quick to emphasize that the Canadians didn't feel the need or the official pressure to glamorize the war or push a heroic line, as he claims many of the British and American artists did. The National Gallery of Canada laid down general guidelines, but for Brooks at least there were no navy supervisors. He could go anywhere, paint anyone, on any vessel. Some of the ship captains hoped that the artists would portray them in heroic action, but Brooks just ignored that. Instead he created images such as the *Potato Peelers*, his best-known Canadian painting.

With the *Potato Peelers* Brooks seems intent on downplaying glamour. Two sailors squat on small, overturned kitchen buckets, wedged into a corner on deck between oil drums and great sacks filled with unpeeled potatoes. The men seem unobserved and unposed. It's as if the viewer, perhaps one of the sailors, just walked around a corner, with time to absorb plenty of detail. Brooks gives us, in documentary fashion, their wool toques and life vests, one showing the specific identi-

mountain pueblo north of Mexico City called San Miguel de Allende. (Reva, who had grown up in Toronto, but never worked as an artist, was soon to become an internationally renowned photographer for her elegant portraits of working-class Mexicans in the San Miguel area. Her best-known work was exhibited in the famous *Family of Man* exhibition at New York's

concluded, "I do think we should do something about the anonymity which cloaks their work." Almost fifty years later Brooks continues to make the same point. "When I arrived in Mexico," he says, "I didn't have to explain what an artist was. I was a 'maestro,' that was it," he chuckles, aware that this may sound pretentious to Canadian ears, but clearly pointing out that

respect from society is very important to artists.

By the 1960s Brooks's painting had travelled far from landscape and the realist depictions of war. He also quickly dropped what his wife Reva calls the folkloric views of quaint Mexico favoured by many artists and tourists passing through. The paintings now held in tension the southern feeling for colour, the flat planes of pictorial space reminiscent of Mexico's public murals, and the heady avant-garde

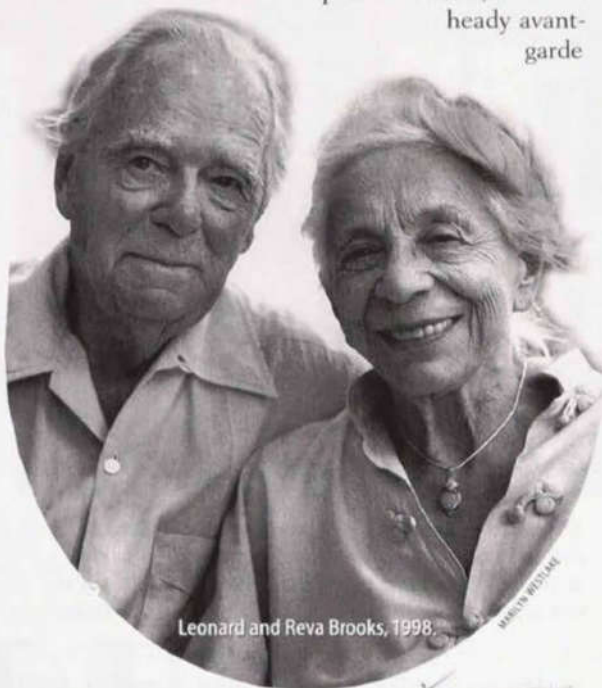


Halifax, 1938. An intimation of the abstraction that would come to dominate Brooks's later paintings.

Museum of Modern Art in 1955, and in 1967 she was voted one of the world's top fourteen women photographers.) The couple have lived there since 1947, and a large, very prosperous artists' colony has grown up around them.

Life in those first years was hectic and exhilarating. Brooks taught at a small, newly established art school, but the real stimulus came from his work with the great muralist David Alfaro Siqueiros. At the height of the cold war, Brooks's support for Siqueiros, a very public and active communist, provoked unknown Mexican officials and got the couple deported.

Their story made good copy in *Time* magazine and on the front page of the daily paper in North Bay, Ontario, the town to which his family had emigrated in 1913, but the troubles were soon resolved, and they returned more eager than ever to plunge into Mexico's rich cultural world. This was a heady life for Canadians, and Brooks knew it. In 1950, in a widely read article for *Canadian Art*, Brooks made the case for an artist's life in Mexico. He argued that for creative workers there was little similarity between the two countries. "In the midst of trying to educate the masses, in her struggle for modernization," he wrote, "Mexico has had the instinct and the good sense to preserve and develop her culture. The artist is accepted as an equal to the engineer and the scientist ... someone of worth," not "simply on the fringe of the nation's life." Canadians need not apologize to anyone for the "quality and integrity of our painters." But, he



Leonard and Reva Brooks, 1998.

experiments into abstraction coursing through Western art everywhere. These ideas and feelings about painting came together in hundreds of works that he termed "acrylic-collage" and a series of large tapestries. Through contracts, commissions, and active dealers in Mexico, Europe, Canada, and especially the U.S., plus his eight popular teaching books on advanced painting technique, Brooks had become famous and wealthy.

He collected "the forms and lines of what made the ship interesting to my artist's eye – the muscles and sinews of pulleys, engines, pipes, ventilators ..."

sculpturesque forms and colorful patterns."

The pen-and-ink drawings produced on this trip, followed later by a series of small nautical collages, became some of his best-selling works. In describing these paintings, he sets out a general defence of abstract art. It's a kind of synthesis, he argues. "We try to bend and remake the forms to a new kind of 'seeing' and no longer feel that we must be bound to draw just what is there. The creative process takes over and something worthwhile may emerge." Before the swing of fashion to pop art in the sixties, Brooks's views on abstraction were cutting edge.

White Moon, a 1971 acrylic-collage, shows Brooks's abstraction at its finest, a paring down of objects seen in nature constructed with paint, fabric, and fragile scraps of torn paper. The work contains controlled but playful tensions between light and dark elements, positive and negative space, the flat plane of the canvas and an imagined deep space of a town or landscape, with a full moon in the distance. Thin filaments of tissue paper jostle with thick swaths of opaque paint. The smaller, dark circle near the bottom could be the moon's reflection over water.

In a 1998 interview for TV Ontario's *Studio Two*, Brooks stands beside his *White Moon* smiling and studying the composition. "I like the impact of the blacks and the overlapping textures, and of course there's the little symbolism of the violins. It works," he says, in that dry, typically cryptic phrase used by painters everywhere to sum up their artistic judgment. He's still happy with it.

As with most midcentury abstraction, the title is required to anchor a meaning. At another glance the circles, crossed by thin verticals, recall the cubist guitars and violins of Picasso and Georges Braque.

The musical motif carries several meanings for Brooks, recalling a favourite theme in the mixed-media collage of Braque and also his life-long study of the classical violin, which included starting a music school in San Miguel complete with a scheme to provide free violin lessons for poor children in the area.

Canada's War Museum in Ottawa owns the largest collection by far of Brooks's art. Its basement vaults bulge with more than two hundred major works of finished watercolours and oils, stored, almost like a jealous secret, under excellent conditions. But they have rarely been exhibited. Even Brooks hadn't seen most of these since he delivered them to the representative of the National Gallery in London fifty years ago. In the summer of 1998 Brooks finally got to see all "his children" as he refers to his old works. That visit was captured on video and the emotion of the artist reunited with his past work, created during a dramatic time in his life, was very strong indeed. We see and hear an eighty-eight-year-old man, proud of what he has accomplished and delight-

White Moon, an acrylic-collage, is an example of the abstract direction Brooks's work took in the postwar period. The musical motif recalls the cubist guitars of Georges Braque and Picasso, as well as Brooks's own study and promotion of the classical violin.

He never lost interest in ships, however, even as he moved deeper into abstraction. "Recently I found myself aboard a freighter taking a leisurely six-week tour of the Gulf of Mexico," wrote Brooks in his 1969 book *Painter's Workshop*. During that trip he decided to create a book of "nautical anatomy" in order to "collect the forms and lines of what made the ship interesting to my artist's eye – the muscles and sinews of pulleys, engines, pipes, and ventilators, which at times assembled themselves into pure

EDWARD DUNN GALLERY



BY THE AUTHOR ✓

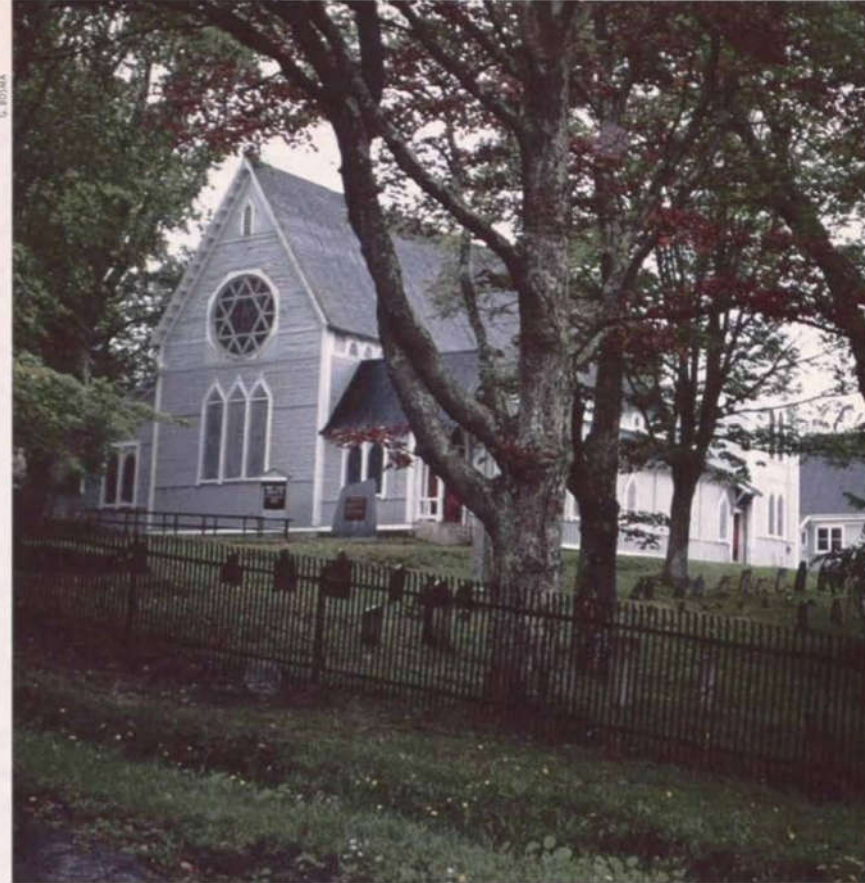
ed by the experience, nearly bursting with memories and associations.

The video, although casual and nonprofessional, captures long close-ups of his eyes and facial expressions. "Ah, that's one of my good children," he sighs, looking with a fond, but coolly professional eye at one of the large paintings. The work depicts a German ship surrendering in the North Sea far north of Scotland. It's a medium-length view, which shows details of the ships, but a work that emphasizes the huge expanse of sky and sea. "Skies fascinate me completely," he says. "The blue and ochre work well together. I wouldn't be unhappy with that painting today."

Leonard Brooks maintains a touching, somewhat sentimental love for Canada, and his plans with Reva to foster young Canadian artists attests to that. In 1995 the Brooks donated all their artworks, their savings, and their house in San Miguel to Queen's University in Kingston. They hope that this sizable endowment will make it possible for Canadian and Mexican music and art students to study in each other's countries. Yet, one wonders if Canada may hold its grudge against expatriates and its indifference to its painters for a while longer. And thus Mexico, a society with deep respect for artistic creation, continues its hold on the couple as strongly as when they first arrived. When Pierre Trudeau asked Reva Brooks at an embassy reception in the 1980s if the reason they lived in Mexico was for the quality of light, she replied, "no, it's the quality of life." Back in 1948 when *Saturday Night* magazine ran a photo-spread of Reva and Leonard's work, only a year after their arrival in Mexico, Leonard summed up his thoughts on the cultural shift that had been required. "It's like going to the moon," he said, "and just as exciting." ■

Peter Steven is a Toronto-based historian, writer, and editor.

A retrospective of Leonard Brooks's work is scheduled for exhibition in galleries or local museums in Toronto, North Bay, Kingston, and Halifax beginning this fall and continuing until fall 2000.



Holy Trinity Anglican Church, Digby, Nova Scotia.

David Fanning was buried in the graveyard beside the original structure, but when the church was rebuilt in the 1870s, his headstone became separated from his grave.

Colonel Fanning's Grave

by John Hairr

High on a hill in the fishing village of Digby, Nova Scotia, stands majestic Holy Trinity Anglican Church, a blue, wooden structure with a curious significance tied to an important part of North Carolina's past. Underneath this century-old building sleeps one of the most notorious British Loyalists from the days of the American Revolutionary War—Colonel David Fanning.

Born in Virginia in 1755, Fanning made quite a name for himself during the Revolution, masterminding in 1781 a raid on Hillsborough in broad daylight and capturing Thomas Burke, the governor of North Carolina, his council, and over seventy-one soldiers—a feat that great-

ly impressed the British. Fanning never lost a battle. He is perhaps best remembered today as the man who captured Colonel Philip Alston and his band of revolutionists at the battle of the House in the Horseshoe, one of the first "big houses" of upland North Carolina frontier country, now a state historic site at Sanford.

As the tide turned against the British forces in the early 1780s, Fanning, a Tory, found himself on the losing side, and his Whig antagonists made sure to link his name with everything bad in the gruesome and bloody conflict that raged throughout the state in the final years of the Revolutionary War. The Reverend Eli Carruthers, a nineteenth-century chronicler of the war in North Carolina, went so far as to conclude that Fanning's name would be remembered as "a reproach and a byword of infamy."

How ironic, then, that this most successful of North Carolina Loyalists should find his final resting place underneath a church.

Exiled for the part he had played in the Revolution, Fanning escaped in 1782 with his sixteen-year-old bride, Sarah Carr, first to Charleston, South Carolina, then to east Florida. Their residence there was cut short when the British gave Florida back to the Spaniards in 1783. Once more, Fanning and many of his fellow Loyalists were forced to give up their homes. Following an unsuccessful attempt to sail around the Florida peninsula to the Mississippi River, the Fannings sailed to the Bahamas. After a brief stay there, they followed a large exodus of Loyalists to New Brunswick.

Fanning prospered there for nearly fifteen years, farming, milling, and acquiring extensive land holdings. He even served for a decade in the Provincial Assembly. His hard-earned gains, however, were wiped away in the fall of 1800 when he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to death for assaulting a girl. The incident was orchestrated by a political rival, and upon appeal Fanning was quickly pardoned by Lieutenant Governor Thomas Carleton. But he was exiled forever from New Brunswick.

David Fanning spent the latter days of his life on a farm near the picturesque town of Digby, hard by Beaman's Mountain overlooking the famed Digby Gut and Annapolis Basin on the southwestern coast of Nova Scotia. Here he lived out his final days farming, shipbuilding, fishing, and, on occasion, arguing with his neighbors.

"He was said to be a grouchy old man, set in his ways," said Arnold Trask, one of the numerous inhabitants of Digby who can claim descent from the noted Loyalist partisan. "He would shoot the heads off the neighbour's chickens when they would wander onto his place, even if there was a crowd of children standing about."

When the end finally came to Fanning in March,

1825, he was buried in the graveyard beside Holy Trinity Anglican Church. This was a natural choice, for not only was he a church member, but his oldest son, David William Fanning, had been interred there following his untimely death in 1810. The old Loyalist had carved the boy's tombstone himself, and on it inscribed the following unusual notation:

*In Memory of
David William, son of
David & Sarah
Fanning
Who died, July 15, 1810
Aged 16 years, & 11 months
& 11 days & 11 hours and
37 minutes*

In 1833, the two were joined by Sarah Fanning. There, beside the stately old church, the three members of the family rested in peace until 1878.

In the late 1870s, however, the members of Holy Trinity decided it was time to replace their old church with a larger building. But when those responsible for erecting the new structure began work, they were faced with a dilemma—what to do with the number of old graves, including the Fannings', which stood in the way.

Their solution was simple—build the church as planned and move the stones a short distance beyond the church. Thus several of the old occupants of the graveyard were left under the new building while their headstones were moved beyond the church.

"As a boy, I remember standing here and hearing stories about the colonel being buried underneath this church," remarked Trask as he stood on the site at the northeast corner of the church where the old headstones were placed. Oddly enough, there are no stones on this site now.

"A few years ago, in one of those government 'make-work' projects, a group of kids was given the job of taking down the old stones to clean them," recalled Trask. "Problem was, they didn't write down where they had gotten them from. So when they brought them back, they just lined them up along the fence on the back of the church grounds."

There they stand today, some of the oldest tombstones of Holy Trinity Anglican Church, arranged in neat rows conveniently and uniformly spaced to allow the free passage of lawn mowers.

In the middle of this assemblage of granite monuments stands the marker of North Carolina's most successful Loyalist, Colonel David Fanning, over sixteen hundred kilometres from his home state and nearly fifty meters from his remains. ■

John Hairr lives in Harnett County, North Carolina. He is the author of several books, including *Colonel David Fanning: The Adventures of a Carolina Loyalist*.

The Mohawk Princess

Few poets have been more beloved by ordinary Canadians than Pauline Johnson. In her day, she was a remarkable figure, a striking beauty with elegant manners and an aristocratic bearing who tenaciously crisscrossed the country to bring verse to frontier communities starved for entertainment. She evoked the idealistic sentiments of Edwardian Canada, but when that sunny world died in the trenches of the Great War so did her artistic reputation. But as Peter Unwin reveals, Johnson is more than a cultural curiosity. In some ways she was a woman in advance of her times.

by Peter Unwin

Pauline Johnson at age twenty, 1881. Largely taught at home, her formal education was modest, but she was well read in English literature.

When her father died in 1884, leaving his family financially stressed, she looked to writing as a means of supporting herself. Her first poem was published that year in a New York magazine.



THE HART COOPER MUSEUM & ARCHIVE/ARTIST

J-13

A few kilometres southeast of Brantford, Ontario on the east bank of the Grand River, stands a somewhat neglected colonial mansion covered in cracked stucco. The house is built among the walnut trees and hardwoods on land belonging to the Iroquois Confederacy and is peculiar in that it possesses two front doors—one faces east, the other west. These doors are identical and represent an example of Iroquois diplomacy at its finest.

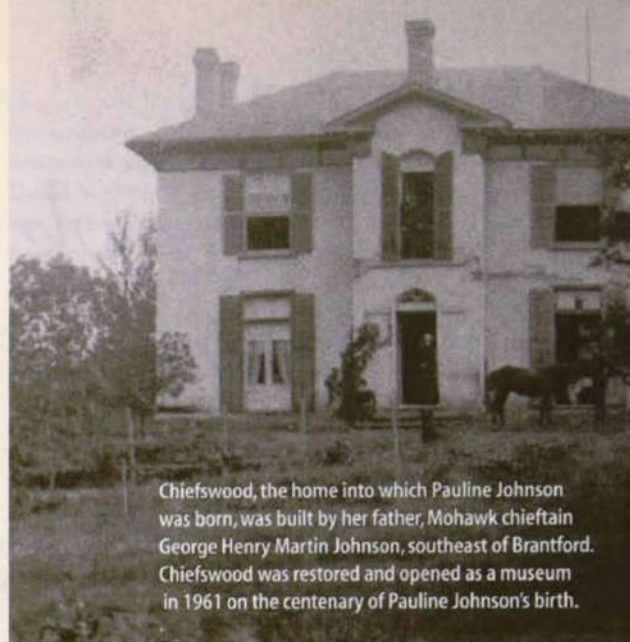
Through these doors two societies entered and dealt with each other. To the eastern door facing the road came the emissaries of England—artists, administrators, and royalty, from Sir Garnet Wolseley to the Marquis of Lorne. They climbed from carriages, curious and carrying gifts. Through the other door, facing the river, their canoes hauled safely up the bank, came the Iroquois, also bearing gifts, also filled with curiosity.

The house, which no European or native ever left by the back door, belonged to Mohawk chieftain George Henry Martin Johnson. A Christianized Indian, he spoke fluent English, German, and French, as well as six native languages, and for his entire life refused to wear gloves, believing he breathed through his hands. A blood relative of Hiawatha, his own father, Chief "Smoke" Johnson, had fought with distinction in the major campaigns of the 1812 war, and was the only man left on the Brantford reserve capable of deciphering the wampum belts. He was also said to be the last man alive who could translate each word of the Iroquois Book of Rites.

In the mid-1850s, Chief George Johnson fell in love with a young Scottish woman named Emily Susanna Howells and, in the face of tribal and parental opposition, married her. In doing so he forfeited the right to pass on his title to a future son, a right his family had possessed for six hundred years. The Howell family was also unimpressed, and the young lovers found it necessary to travel east to Kingston to marry. According to an account, the priest "cantered through the service in Latin, pronounced the benediction in English, and congratulated the couple in Indian."

The unusual pair returned to the reserve near Brantford and settled in the white colonial house with two front doors. George Johnson resumed his duties as chief and government translator for the Six Nations Confederacy, and spent his spare time walking the exquisite walnut groves with his wife. It was said no two people "in the history of the world" had been so perfectly mated. Whatever rare spats flared between them were resolved by one of them making flattering comments about the trees. It was those same trees that would eventually lead to the death of Chief George Johnson.

By the 1860s the timber trade combined with pio-



Chiefswood, the home into which Pauline Johnson was born, was built by her father, Mohawk chieftain George Henry Martin Johnson, southeast of Brantford. Chiefswood was restored and opened as a museum in 1961 on the centenary of Pauline Johnson's birth.



Left: Pauline Johnson's English-born mother, Emily Susanna Howells, seen here at the time of her engagement to George Johnson, emphasized manners and comportment in her children, qualities that her poet-daughter brought to the stage in her popular recitals.

neer burnings for settlement and potash had left southern Canada almost treeless. The finest remaining stands of hardwoods were located on Iroquois lands fringing the Grand River, and it was here the timber merchants descended. With judicious trading, a quart of bad whisky could be exchanged for six dollars worth of rare hardwood.

To combat these encroachments the government armed George Johnson with the title of Forest Warden and gave him a pistol. He so effectively patrolled his land that liquor traders and timber merchants attempted to assassinate him. Johnson's fearlessness caused even his father, the decorated warrior, to urge him to change tactics. One night in 1865, he was attacked by several men who crushed his skull with a lead plumb, kicked him repeatedly in the face, head and back, and left him for dead in a swamp. Somehow he gained consciousness and staggered a mile, before meeting a friend who tried to assist him. It is said

Chief Johnson rejected this help, worried his wife would be upset if she saw him being aided to the door. For several months he lay in bed. His upper and lower jaws were splintered, his arms and legs broken. A silver dollar could be fitted into a hole in his back.

In 1873 he was again attacked, this time by six men armed with hand spikes. They knocked out his teeth, shattered his hands, broke three ribs, shot him with his own pistol, and dragged him into the middle of the road to die. He did not die. His assailants were captured and spent five years in the Kingston Gaol. Public sympathy swung toward the chief, whose health was entirely broken. He died in his wife's arms in 1884. According to one of his daughters, "Cold had settled in all the broken places of his poor body and he slipped away from her."

That daughter was Emily Pauline Johnson. She was one of four children born in that house with two front doors. In 1871, asked by a friend of her parents what she wanted from the city, the nine-year-old girl answered immediately, "verses." By age twelve she had read heavily in Shakespeare, Emerson, Byron, Scott, and Longfellow.

Her first poem was published in 1884 in a New York magazine. The first public reading of her work took place the next year in Brantford at the unveiling of the Brant Memorial. Said to be too shy to read it herself, it was recited by a local businessman who pronounced the poem "creditably alike to the young Indian poetess and the race for whom she speaks." A Toronto reporter was less impressed but conceded that Miss Pauline Johnson was "a pleasant-looking Indian maiden," to which she responded with a piece of private doggerel:

*No compliment on her I'll laden
She's but a pleasant-looking maiden.*

Encouraged by Toronto reporter Frank Yeigh (whom Johnson, with a love for nicknames, labelled "Yeigh-man"), she gave her first public recital at the Young Men's Liberal Club of Ontario in Toronto in 1892. Desperately stage-frightened, she recited her Riel Rebellion poem, "A Cry from an Indian

Wife," and stole the show. A veteran soldier of that campaign later approached her and said her poem had left him "ashamed" of the part he'd played in the conflict. She was rebooked a week later as "the Indian Poetess," a title later changed to "the Mohawk Princess."

In 1892 Pauline Johnson was thirty-one years old. She had been writing poetry for seven years and had earned herself three dollars. Her father was dead, her mother, unable to afford the upkeep of the family home, now lived in a small house in Brantford.

Without an income Pauline Johnson did something that was very unlikely for a woman of her class in the '90s — she earned a living. By early 1892 she had found a touring partner in Owen Smily, who was barely in his twenties. For Johnson, this was a new experience. Chaste and naive, she had reportedly never seen a man even partially undressed, and had once bragged of having never allowed a man to touch "her hand." She now shared a dressing room with a twenty-two-year-old British homosexual, professional elocutionist, comic, musician, and music hall entertainer, known for his ability to imitate Scottish bagpipes, and whose most beloved stage piece was titled "Major McStrynger's Mechanical Arm." The two of them began to tour together and in 1893 gave over 125 recitals in fifty different towns. Within two years Johnson was described by the *New York Sun* as "perhaps the most unique figure in the literary world on this continent."

In the same year a friend insisted she was debasing herself and her poetry with her onstage recitals. Johnson agreed that she was engaging in "brain debasement." "I sneer at my own littleness in doing so," she wrote. All of it, she insisted, was necessary to finance a book of poems. In April 1894, having earned enough money, she boarded a steamer for London, England.

Armed with a half-dozen letters of recommendation, and aided by the Canadian High Commissioner, she somehow found her way into the salons and social evenings of London. Soon this bold and strikingly beautiful woman from a reserve in southern

Born in 1816 near Brantford, George Henry Martin Johnson showed an early aptitude for languages that made him an important figure in white-native relations in the Six Nations Confederacy. His engagement to marry a white woman, Emily Howells, however, raised the ire of both families, and Johnson was forced to forfeit the right to pass on the title of chief to a future son. He died in 1884 after a series of attacks by liquor traders and timber merchants intent on exploiting the hardwood forests belonging to the Grand River Reserve.

Ontario was putting on her Indian dress (complete with the scalps of several Hurons) and reciting her poems to lords and ladies. "I was at a large dinner party," she wrote home, "and wore a very fine gown and was taken to dinner by Mr. Somebody. I forget his name. I talked politics and told them there was no government existing save the confederated government of the Iroquois."

Having placed her manuscript *The White Wampum* with the publisher Bodley Head, she returned to Brantford in July. She and her partner immediately resumed their recital tours, and Pauline Johnson crossed the Rockies for the first time in her life. Somewhere en route she described herself morosely as "the doll of the people and a slave to money." In 1895, in what was to become a familiar theme, a critic for the *St. Thomas Evening Journal* suggested she stop "masquerading as a poetess." *The White Wampum* appeared in July, and was warmly met by Canadian reviewers. British critics found nothing in it worth quoting. Typically, Johnson became upset only when a newspaperman wrongly referred to her as a Bostonian. "God forgive the slanderers," she wrote.

In 1896, for reasons unknown, her partnership with Owen Smily broke up. A year later she teamed up with Walter McRae, whom she nicknamed "Dink." Again she began stumping Canada, this time with a second-rate song and dance man about whom a critic would say "the only stage he was fit for travelled at about five miles an hour." According to a contemporary, entertainer Peggy Webby, she was once introduced to a Manitoba audience with the words: "Now friends, before Miss Johnson's exercises begin, I want you all to remember that Injuns, like us, is folks."

In Winnipeg in 1897 she received a proposal of marriage from a local businessman, accepted it, and was later publicly jilted. Johnson's only surviving comment on this episode is condensed quietly into a line and a half:

*My heart forgot its love of God for you,
And you forget me ...*

In the course of her hectic recital schedule she contracted erysipelas ("brain fever") in Orillia and nearly died. It had been erysipelas, brought on by the severe beatings, that had killed her father. Johnson lost her hair, lamented briefly "my scarred face and cropped hair," and began to perform in wigs which severely irritated her scalp. Eventually she changed the wigs for a hat. "No one suspects the tragedy underneath," she wrote. By 1901 the *Ottawa Citizen* found her performances "mechanical." The *Slocan Drill* had had enough of these "tiresome and monotonous ... two horse shows."

Her second book of poems, *Canadian Born*,

appeared in 1903. Its dedication read: "White race and Red are one if they are but Canadian Born." Typically, the book contains a portrait of Johnson in Indian dress (just as typically she posed in profile to emphasize her Indianness). The book was given, in her words, a most scathing roast, to which she replied gamely, "Well, I must try a novel now, and get criticized."

In 1904 she undertook an extraordinary fifteen hundred-kilometre buggy trip up and back down the Cariboo Trail. With the exception of several miners' wives and prostitutes, she was perhaps the only woman of her generation to do this. There, she witnessed that fleeting phenomenon in history called "the frontier," and the remaining few years of her life would be profoundly affected by it.

In 1906 she returned again to London, where she dazzled a doting Swinburne and thrilled a packed audience at Steinway Hall. She was invited by a British newspaper magnate to contribute articles to the *Daily Express*. The most intriguing of these pieces, "A Pagan In St. Paul's Cathedral," shows Johnson, full of her Canadian-born pride, comparing the great cathedral music to "the far-off cadences of the Sault Sainte Marie rapids." The piece has a strangely modern feel to it. London is shown to be a pale substitute for the North, for the Indian nation, and for Canada. For Johnson, even the great stone structures of London appear trite compared to the craftwork performed on an Indian reserve near Brantford, Ontario where the stones "take the polish by fingers dipped in sturgeon oil, and long days of friction with fine sand and deer hide."

She returned to Ontario in the winter of 1907. She was now writing almost exclusively short stories and articles about idealized mothers—Indian mothers in particular. A month later she inexplicably crossed the Atlantic and returned to London. She did not attempt to place her manuscripts and did not perform. It has been suggested that an unknown love interest accounted for this curious jaunt, although it is equally possible that Pauline Johnson, now forty-six and sensing her impending illness, was looking for a place to die. She did not find it in England. Returning to New York in June 1907, she and McRae embarked on another breathless circuit tour, this time of the United States. Typically she found herself stumping the boards with such celebrities as Miss Elma B. Smith, the "delightful child impersonator and bird warbler." By October she was back in Winnipeg, preparing for a western tour. She and McRae performed throughout 1908 on the western prairies. By April she was touring the Maritimes. In Saint John, a local church ladies group presented her with ten dollars as appreciation from "all women who strive for a name and place in this Canada of ours." By the end of June she was in Vancouver, resting, and writing commercial work for family magazines. Dur-

ing this period she also started work on the forgotten but remarkable biography *My Mother*.

Johnson and McRaye toured the Maritimes before she headed west alone, booking a room for herself in the Hotel Vancouver for a month's rest. By July she was meeting for long afternoons with Chief Joe Capilano whom she had met previously in London. Her book, *The Legends of Vancouver*, would be based on these meetings with the chief who was already dying of tuberculosis. Eventually she found herself an apartment within walking distance of Stanley Park, her first permanent residence in seventeen years. There she served tea, entertained her many friends, and wrote for various magazines.

Those same friends could not help but notice the dark circles under her eyes and the dramatic loss of weight. For some time she had been aware of a lump in her breast. Under duress she agreed to visit a twenty-six-year-old doctor, the one physician in Vancouver experienced with the treatment of cancer. The doctor found the tumour inoperable. Johnson, typically, demanded the news be kept secret and settled down to finish her writing. In March 1910 her good friend Joe Capilano died. At the funeral a young man standing next to her heard Pauline Johnson whisper to herself, "I'm coming, I'm coming."

When the shooting pains in her arm prevented her from writing, she lay on her couch and dictated. Except for the occasional informal talk, which she gave from a sitting position, the days of her wild, heart-pounding recitations were over. In June 1911 she wrote a letter to "My dear good Yeigh man," thanking the generosity of her friends at a time when "I am too ill to wield a pen and earn my own Muck a Muck." In a period of brief remission, she worked energetically on *Flint and Feather*, a compilation of her prose and poems. In mid-August 1912 the pains returned. In September the governor general, the Duke of Connaught, paid a visit to her hospital room. His assistance allowed her to fulfill a dying wish—to be buried in Stanley Park. Described as "little more than a skeleton" she clung to life long enough to effect a reconciliation with her estranged sister Eva, and died March 7, 1913. The flags of Vancouver flew at half-mast.

History has judged the work of E. Pauline Johnson to be of little value. Even by the thirties the Canadian literary establishment had relegated her to a type of sentimental curiosity piece—"a pretty legend ... a very genteel lady in a bustle who had nice thoughts." In spite of that Johnson achieved a level of popularity that no Canadian writer has

achieved since. Her poem "The Song My Paddle Sings" is perhaps the most famous poem ever written on Canadian soil. Memorized by two generations of Canadians, there are women today who can still recite its clear musical lines. In her own lifetime and for several decades after, there was barely a schoolchild in Canada who did not know the name of her pony (Marengo), the name of her canoe (Wildcat), or the name of the house where she grew up (Chiefswood). Her long essay "My Mother" equals anything published on this subject, and "A Strong Race Opinion on the Indian Girl in Modern Fiction" is a thoughtful rebuke of racial stereotypes in literature and tackles the thorny issues of voice appropriation eighty years before the term had even been coined.

Today, what is most noticeable about her writing is her instinctive *woman-ization* of the world. In

The Corn Husker

*Hard by the Indian lodges, where the bush
Breaks in a clearing, through ill-fashioned fields.
She comes to labour, when the first still hush
Of autumn follows large and recent yields.*

*Age in her fingers, hunger in her face,
Her shoulders stooped with weight of work and years,
But rich in tawny colouring of her race,
She comes a-field to strip the purple ears.*

*And all her thoughts are with the days gone by,
Ere might's injustice banished from their lands
Her people, that to-day unheeded lie,
Like the dead husks that rustle through her hands.*

PHOTO COURTESY THE BRANT COUNTY MUSEUM & ARCHIVES / 519 (5)



Pauline Johnson in 1897. By age thirty-six her reputation as a poet and performer was well established. Typically, in her recitals Johnson would wear native dress for the first half of the program and a drawing-room gown (as pictured here) for the second, in effect underscoring her mixed heritage.

a landscape almost universally depicted as male, everything has become female—the cities, the mountains, even the houses of Vancouver are "sisterly houses." A poet, she says, "is like a mother." There are no tigers in Johnson's work, only "she-tigers" and "she-panthers."

She lived in an age of what today is referred to as "maternal feminism," the belief that women were less prone to vice than men, and bore a duty to civilize and humanize the society around them. Her writing is often proof of this. Throughout her poems, essays, and stories, worldly righteousness is found incarnate in the woman who, in turn, finds her most supreme expression in "The Mother ... the queen mother" who possesses the "Mother Heart." Only slightly less exalted is the wife, followed by the girl child. Indeed, in Johnson's writing, the memory of a mother's teaching and love is the highest plane a person can reach. In a rough, frontier society packed with vice-prone men, this teaching was seen as indispensable.



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Canoeing was a fashionable diversion for young middle-class women at the turn of the century and Johnson spent many hours paddling the Grand River near her childhood home at Brantford. She was an excellent canoeist and in later life would often turn to the pursuit for comfort and enjoyment. Little surprise her most famous poem is entitled "The Song My Paddle Sings".

She wrapped an entire continent in these beliefs. From Brantford to Vancouver, from Rainy River to Lillooet Falls, a mother's love—the love that "never grows old, never grows weary, never grows commonplace"—forges the beauty and the grandeur of northern people. In the case of an Indian woman, she believed, this love is visible—it can actually be seen, appearing "thin, fine, silvery as a cobweb."

Her critics allowed none of this. Instead they focused on her predictable British patriotism, and the patently commercial elements to her writing. The standard critical line on Pauline Johnson is that of a young talent destroyed by a career of travel and stage recitations. Without exception, we are informed that "her constant touring was a handicap to the development of her genius." A distant relative, sister of American novelist W.D. Howells, wrote condescendingly of

crossed the prairies countless times in minus forty-degree weather, and she loved every minute of it. It is said that there is not a single town or settlement in Canada that she did not visit. At Girard, B.C., she was the only woman in town. She gave impromptu recitals while waiting for a train, sending a boy out through the streets of the settlement ringing a bell, shouting, "Pauline Johnson! Pauline Johnson! Concert tonight!" In Bakerville heading south to Soda Creek, she performed in a barn. Her dressing room was an oat bin with a

Hudson's Bay Company blanket strung across it so the audience couldn't see her undress. At Kuskanook she performed on a billiard table that she mounted from a soapbox. Her London-made evening gown still had the oats clinging to it while she cried out:

*I am Ojistoh, I love you, love you
love you as my life.
And—buried in his back
his scalping knife.*

Men walked for miles from the mines and the bush, carrying their own planks to sit on, to pay a day's wage to see her, and to listen. At one of these events, her coach driver (she nicknamed him "Cariboo Billy") doubled as doorman and ticket taker and erected a sign that read WHITES A DOLLAR—INDIANS FIFTY CENTS. One man objected on the grounds that he was

... *And up on the hills against the sky, A fir tree rocking its lullaby,
Swings, swings, Its emerald wings, Swelling the song that my paddle sings.*

her: "The poor thing has a hard time of it ... she and a young Californian [sic] give a third rate show in the small towns about the country, and don't do much for Art nor for themselves." Constant touring we are told, "deadened her creative spirit," and "diverted her from the path of pure poetry."

Today it seems obvious that instead of destroying her career, the astonishing distances covered by Pauline Johnson represent her greatest achievement. She saw more of her country than perhaps any man or woman alive. She crossed the Rocky Mountains nineteen times. She crossed the Atlantic Ocean six times. She once stood on an Edmonton street corner and watched a dog train bring in \$6,000 worth of mink pelts. In Ontario she gave a benefit recital to purchase a wooden leg for a police officer. In Nova Scotia she watched her own advertising flyers eaten off telephone poles by goats. She performed from Steinway Hall, London to Jerry Boyer's saloon at High River, Alberta. She rode on trains that wrecked, sailed on ships that sank, and slept in hotels that burned down on her. She

half white and half Indian. "Fine," roared the driver. "Seventy-five cents!" The customer bought his ticket, completely satisfied. The recital was followed by a party in which Johnson danced until dawn, climbed back into the stagecoach, and set off for the next settlement and the next performance.

This is what she saw—the frontier where human society flew by the seat of its pants, and the rules were made up as the game got played. She was a woman who chased this frontier even as it vanished in front of her, knowing that it was transitory, that it would be soon gone forever. She was there witnessing the death of pioneer Canada, and when Cariboo Billy died in 1908 she consoled herself by noting that "he had made his exit in the very scene that saw the romance of the play on the wane."

A fitting observation from the woman who played the lead role. ■

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They were two headstrong adversaries in the battle for North American supremacy. William Phips was commander of New England's militia. Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac, was governor of New France. In 1690 Phips brought a seaborne force against Quebec and demanded Frontenac surrender. But Frontenac, furious, had no reply for his antagonist save

“... from the
mouths of
my
cannon.”



by Michael Westaway McCue

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In the late 1680s England and France were again at war. The Glorious Revolution of 1688 brought Protestant William of Orange across the Channel from Holland and onto the throne of England. Deposed Catholic James II fled to France to enlist the martial aid of fellow Catholic Louis XIV. The conflict would reach the New World, whose European colonists had taken up arms mainly to subdue the land's original inhabitants. As would happen again in hostilities between England and France, King William's War, as later historians would refer to the series of conflicts between 1689 and 1697, would feature a battle at the city of Quebec. Not only was this battle a clash between armies, it was a confrontation between two of the most powerful personalities of the day. In October 1690, New England's man of the hour, Sir William Phips, gazed lustily at Quebec from the deck of his flagship, while on the city's ramparts, the high-born Comte de Frontenac, a grizzled veteran of several continental wars, dared him to try and take it. The result was one of the most momentous events in French-Canadian history.

Above: Frontenac receives Major Thomas Savage, the envoy of Sir William Phips demanding the surrender of Quebec. Savage was brought blindfolded to the governor's presence with a written ultimatum blaming the French for the state of hostilities. Frontenac responded with fury and gave Phips's proxy the seventeenth-century version of "go ahead, make my day."

Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac et de Palluau, was born on May 22, 1622 to a noble line. His grandfather was Antoine de Buade, a companion of Henri IV, while his father, soldier and courtier Henri de Buade, was a childhood friend of Louis XIII. He named his son for his monarch, who also stood as the boy's godfather.

Raised in the atmosphere of the court, Frontenac received the best education available. He chose to follow a career in the military, and by twenty-three he was a colonel in the French forces fighting in the Thirty Years War. He was wounded in the arm in 1646, an injury that left his arm permanently crippled.

Frontenac was very skilled in the use of words, for as historian W.J. Eccles wrote in his history of Canada in the reign of Louis XIV, "without his charm Frontenac's career is inexplicable." Nevertheless, Frontenac's expensive tastes and colossal vanity were frequent topics of court gossip, and his contemporaries complained about his shameless flaunting of his possessions. Frontenac, Eccles continues, was given to rodomontade and regularly expected deferential treatment from his guests.

The pursuit of finer things put Frontenac into burdensome debt. He courted the wealthy Anne de La Grange-Trianon, perhaps as a way of solving his financial problems, but sensing that his prospective son-in-law was after money, Anne's father refused to give Frontenac her hand. Then Frontenac revealed that they had secretly married months earlier. Still, his father-in-law denied him funds and Frontenac continued to be hounded by creditors. Only in 1664, sixteen years after his marriage, was Frontenac able to reach an agreement to pay his debts at a favourably renegotiated rate of interest. However, he proceeded again to default.

Relying on his chosen profession for desperately needed income, Frontenac served briefly with a Venetian force attacking Crete, but was dismissed after being accused of leaking confidential information. Then, in 1672, Frontenac was appointed governor of New France. It was rumoured his friends at court arranged the appointment to legally free him from both his massive debt and his unloving wife. Once in Canada, his arrogant self-importance returned as he insisted on the appellation "High and Mighty Lord," instead of simply "Governor." Not satisfied with mere titles, Frontenac seized personal control of some aspects of



Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac, was twice governor of New France.

His first appointment, from 1672 to 1682, ended with his recall to France after protracted quarrelling with other officials in the colonial administration.

His reinstatement (as depicted by painter Charles William Jefferys, above) came in 1689 when nations of the Iroquois Confederacy attacked a French settlement at Lachine.

legislative and judicial powers.

In his first term as governor Frontenac did much to expand French fur trade. However, in 1675 the Iroquois began to attack tribes allied with the French, challenging the French hold on the western beaver-pelt market. As there were certain advantages to the presence of the Iroquois, Frontenac attempted to appease the tribe, but to no avail. At the same time, the English began to encroach on the French fur trade by establishing a trading post on Hudson Bay. For his failure to stem the fur losses and for his increasingly frequent quarrels with other members of the colonial administration Frontenac was recalled to Versailles.

Unlike Frontenac, William Phips was born in crude surroundings, at Woolwich, Maine, February 2, 1651, at the edge of an English settlement described by Nathaniel Hawthorne as "a land of lawless adventurers." Much of what we know of his early life comes from the writings of influential New England puritan minister Cotton Mather who,

some scholars suggest, overstated Phips's lowly background to magnify his later success. Other evidence suggests the Phips family had well-off relations back in England who are suspected of successfully aiding William in later endeavours.

At age eighteen Phips became an apprentice to a ship carpenter. Four years later he moved to Boston to practise shipbuilding and dabble in trading—and learn to read and write. He married the widow of a well-known Boston merchant to whom, according to Mather, he would describe his grand future, predicting he would one day be "captain of a King's ship." Mather quoted him as dismissing any humble path in life—"I believe that I should offend God in my doing so." He acknowledged Phips's profane and abusive manner of speech, but did so euphemistically, describing his comportment as cutting "rather like a *Hatchet* than a *Razor*."

Phips developed a fascination with sunken treasure and travelled to England in search of financial backing for an expedition to recover a reported Caribbean wreck. His first effort failed, but his second met with resounding success. Phips recovered a fortune of over £200,000 from a sunken Spanish galleon off Haiti. For not absconding with the treasure, he received in reward £11,000, a knighthood, and an appointment as provost general of the Dominion of New England.

Unlike his aristocratic adversary Frontenac, William Phips was born in unremarkable circumstances in Maine, but with almost overweening self-confidence, the right connections, as well as a stroke of good luck, he quickly rose in society. He was knighted in 1687 by James II and in 1691 appointed governor of Massachusetts.

But his military prowess proved wanting, and his temper caused strife with some of his New England peers. The most estimable act of his public life was ending the Salem witchcraft hysteria.

It was in command of his first ship, *The Rose*, that Phips began to gain a reputation for combativeness and thin skin. Phips demanded that every ship he met strike its pennants and topsails in honour of his ship, or he would fire a shot across its bow—this despite the fact a ship on the King's private business was not afforded such honours.

In the late 1680s, with Europe on the brink of war, tensions began to build in America.

The English were concerned over the alliances between France and the Abenaki Indians, who were allied with other nearby tribes. In Quebec, the *habitants* were terrorized by the Iroquois and blamed the New York English for arming them. The French also feared English encroachment on fishing grounds and the fur trade. On August 5, 1689, French fears were realized when a party of Iroquois attacked and slaughtered a French settlement at Lachine. This ferocious attack signaled a turning point in New France; the *habitants* would go on the offensive.

Frontenac, now age seventy, was reappointed to govern New France. He had lobbied for his return by claiming that he had previously controlled the Iroquois and could again bring peace to New France. One of his first moves, however, was to reassert his authority through petty display and ceremony over the existing Quebec government, many members of which had contributed to his ignoble recall years before.

The Iroquois rejected Frontenac's peace proposals. One overture was delivered by a chevalier who was beaten and given over to the English as a prisoner—mild treatment considering that two men who accompanied him were burned at the stake. Instead of peace, the Iroquois attacked French settlements both at La Chesnaye and on Ile Jésus. Frontenac promptly blamed the failed peace attempts on unidentified provocateurs.

The Marquis de Denonville, Frontenac's predecessor, had originally proposed conquest of New York to divide the English colonies and isolate the Iroquois, but it was Frontenac who put the plan into action. The initial plan called for taking Albany, the main supply base for the Iroquois, then

proceeding to the town of New York, but Frontenac's late arrival in

New France coupled with the lack of men and resources made such a sweeping thrust unworkable. Forced to rely instead on New France's native allies and use guerrilla tactics, Frontenac decided on a three-pronged attack. A force organized at Montreal would move down the Hudson, a second from Trois Rivières would advance on New Hampshire, while a third from Quebec would attack Maine.

During the winter of 1689–1690, a mixed force of two hundred French and natives from Montreal fell upon Schenectady and brutally slaughtered sixty men, women, and children. At Salmon Falls (present day Rollinsford, New Hampshire), the Trois Rivières war party killed thirty-five and took fifty prisoners, while Fort Loyal, at Falmouth, Maine, was placed under a European-style siege by the third prong of Frontenac's attack. Though the fort's occupants surrendered, many were slaughtered; the rest were carried off as prisoners.

But Frontenac's plan to cower the English backfired, as the raids and brutal killings stirred the English colonies to band together for both protection and retribution. In the spring of 1690, New England retaliated with an assault on Port Royal (present-day Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia), a base from which French privateers attacked English commercial vessels. An appeal from Massachusetts for men and materials brought eight ships and eight hundred men. Chosen to lead this attack was Sir William Phips.

Phips left Nantasket, Massachusetts on April 28, 1690, arriving at Port

Royal on May 11. The town, ill defended, its government in disarray, surrendered without bloodshed. Terms of surrender preserved private property and the churches, and allowed the governor, Louis-Alexandre des Friches de Meneval, and his men to leave town for either Quebec or France. However, Phips seized upon misconduct of the French troops to break the terms, and the New Englanders quickly began looting and pillaging homes and churches alike. Phips set no example of restraint himself, taking Meneval prisoner and relieving him of every bit of his personal property, right



AT A SESSION
OF THE
General Court
Of the Massachusetts Colony, in Boston, 1690.

Whereas the Honourable Sir William Phips, Knight, is appointed to take the Chief Command, and Major John Walley to be Second, sent him in Command of all the Forces that shall be provided for their Majesty's Service, in an Expedition by Gods Assistance intended for Canada, against the common Enemy, French and Indians:

All Gentlemen Souldiers and Seamen, that shall Lib themselves for the said Service, are desired to enter their Names with such persons as are Named, appointed for Muster-Masters in the several Regiments where such Souldiers and Seamen dwell or have their Abode, and to be in readiness to have service as forth time and place as shall be assigned by the said Muster-Masters respectively, the Souldiers to appear completely Armed.

And for Encouragement to perfect willingly to offer themselves to said Service, It is Ordered,

1. That the Pay of all Land Officers, and private Souldiers, shall be in all Respects equal to what hath been already allowed to those improved against the Indian Enemy.
2. That the Pay of all Sea Officers and Seamen shall be after the same Rate proportionally to what shall be paid unto them lately improved in the Port Royal Expedition.
3. Besides the stated pay, one full half part of all plunder taken from the Enemy shall be shared among the Officers, Souldiers and Seamen. Sixths of War Expences.
4. If it is happen (which God forbid) that any of ours fall in the Attempt, then what would rightfully have belonged to such person or persons if they had lived, shall be made good to their Widows and Children, and if none such be, then to those who have the next Legal Right.
5. If any person be so wounded, as to lose a Limb, or the use thereof, so as thereby to be disabled for bodily Labour, further considerations shall be had to him, out of the part of plunder accruing to the Publick.

Quarters-Masters for the several Regiments, viz.

For Major Samuel's	Henry Shaw Newbury,
Major Apjohn's	Richard Bell Hydrick,
Major Gidley's	Bernard Dyer's Salton,
Major Hinkson's	Henry Ward's Concord,
Major Phillips's	Samuel Phips's Charlestown,
Major Hastings's	Samuel Chumpey's Cambridge,
Major Gidley's	William Calmes's Boston,
	Joseph Dyer's Weymouth,
	Samuel Rogers's Junior, Roxbury,

By Order of the Court,
John Worthington Secy

Recruiting poster for
"Gentlemen Souldiers and Seamen" to
join the New England expedition
against Quebec, 1690.

down to silk garters and nightcaps.

After the Port Royal "success," a grander scheme was hatched—a two-pronged attack against Canada, one by land from Albany against Montreal, the other by sea, commanded by Phips, against Quebec. The land attack, led by Fitz-John Winthrop of Connecticut in the summer of 1690, collapsed due to disorganization, disease, and the withdrawal of most Iroquois participants.

The seaborne force was comprised of over thirty vessels and 2,300 Massachusetts and Plymouth colonists. Delays in an ammunition shipment from England (which was never received), pushed the start of the expedition to August. Without a competent pilot and facing harsh weather, the fleet took an extraordinary amount of time to reach the St. Lawrence. These delays and Winthrop's failure in New York allowed a forewarned Frontenac to concentrate his troops in Quebec by stripping Montreal of all but fifty soldiers.

The New England fleet, led by Phips's flagship, the forty-two-gun *Six Friends*, arrived off Quebec on October 6. Phips, perhaps expecting a repeat of Port Royal, sent Major Thomas Savage as an envoy to Frontenac to demand the city's surrender. Savage was blindfolded and subjected to what today would be called psychological warfare tactics. He was jostled by a dozen or so French soldiers to give the sightless man the impression of moving through throngs of people. Women's laughter along the way gave Savage a sense of a population at ease despite the English fleet looming offshore. When the blindfold was removed, the English emissary found himself in a grand hall, facing Frontenac and his staff, all dressed in their finest martial costumes.

Major Savage delivered a written ultimatum from Phips, laced with invectives contributed by the puritan preachers among Phips's council of war. In no uncertain terms the ultimatum blamed the French for the present state of hostilities and demanded a complete and immediate surrender. When Savage demanded a written reply to his message, Frontenac, incensed and calling the attackers "Hereticks [*sic*] and traitors to their King [the deposed Catholic James II]," answered: "I have no reply to make to your general other than from the mouths of my cannon and muskets. He must learn it is not in this fashion that one summons a man such as I. Let him do the best he can on his side as I will do on mine." Frontenac and Quebec, reinforced that night by another several hundred men from Montreal, held all the cards—superior numbers, natural defensive features, and the onset



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of winter. Quebec proved to be no Port Royal.

Phips's lack of true military experience, exacerbated by frustration, now showed. A force of 1,200 landed across the St. Charles River to attempt an advance on the city. The fleet was to provide cover fire for the assault, but instead Phips wasted ammunition bombarding the city proper. The troops, under Major John Walley, were left exposed, and Phips's irreplaceable munitions were spent doing little damage to Quebec. The ground forces, wet, hungry, sick from smallpox, and demoralized, were ordered back to the ships after only three days. On October 25 a dejected Phips ordered his fleet back to Boston. To add insult to injury, those who survived the trip brought their smallpox back with them, which quickly spread throughout New England. In the words of Governor Colonel Henry Sloughter of New York, the expedition was clearly "ill managed and fruitless."

Frontenac had chosen caution and followed the traditional siege defence, sitting tight and waiting on his enemy's attack. But Frontenac, too, was subjected to harsh criticism. It was argued he had missed a chance to severely cripple New England's military, but there was no way Frontenac could have known the state of disarray of Phips's forces. Characteristically, after Phips's departure, Frontenac was more interested in restoring his residence, the Chateau St. Louis, rather than shoring up the defences of the city. He stated the need "to shelter ... what this country has by way of important people." Despite the victory against the "Bostonnais," Quebec was still to suffer greatly that winter. Frontenac, stated W.J. Eccles in his 1959 biography, "minimized the grievous losses the colony had suffered and



Sir William Phips (left) entered the basin of Quebec with a force of over thirty vessels and 2,300 men, but Quebec's natural defences as well as its superior numbers of soldiers and the onset of winter dashed his hopes of conquest.

made it appear that a great deal had been accomplished by his own untiring efforts."

In early 1691, Phips returned to England partly to run damage control over the news of the defeat at Quebec by heralding his success at Port Royal, but also to petition William III for another assault on Canada. He argued that a better-planned offensive would surely succeed, and that England would profit from control over the beaver-pelt market. At the same time, influential Massachusetts citizens at court, successful in lobbying for the restoration of their right to choose their own governor (which had been revoked in 1683 by Charles II), made Phips their choice.

Phips's tenure as governor had its ups and downs. Arriving back May 14, 1691, Phips found the Salem witchcraft hysteria in full swing. The crisis hit home when Phips's own wife was "cried out," likely because of her sympathies for the accused. Phips dissolved the special witchcraft investigation court and effectively ended all prosecutions.

However, Phips was generally regarded by contemporaries as arbitrary, undignified, and a man who easily lost his temper. He attacked both the King's collector of customs Jahleel Breton and Captain Richard Short of the HMS *Non-such*. The latter fray, the culmination of a long-standing feud, is described by Hawthorne: With his cane, Phips "inflict[ed] several very sufficient whacks on the head of the unhappy Short." Though descriptions of the intensity of these confrontations varied from witness to witness, they were fruitful fodder for Phips's enemies. Phips also found himself at odds with the governments of Connecticut and Rhode Island when he sought to exercise a royal appointment as captain-general of most of New England.

Perhaps the last straw was Phips's reluctance, out of jealousy or prudence, to aid a new expedition against New France led by Sir Francis Wheeler. He was recalled to England to answer charges that he profited through his position

as governor through such practices as privateering and land speculation. He departed Boston on November 19, 1694 for England. While preparing for his defence, Phips died suddenly in London on February 18, 1695.

After Phips's foiled attack on Quebec, Frontenac urged Louis XIV to send men, ships, and arms to take the fight to the English, proposing attacks on both New York and Boston. In response the king sent Frontenac a gift of money (which Frontenac assumed would be sent annually) and word that any such attack must wait. Frontenac turned to the expansion of the fur trade rather than the prosecution of war in the meantime, but he continued to provoke the English colonists, assigning in 1692 a largely native force to attack Wells and York, two settlements near the southwestern coast of Maine, and in 1693 striking at the Mohawks, who were allied with the English. The results were mixed—the attack on York succeeded, but Wells failed. In an affront to French interests in Maine, Phips built Fort William Henry at nearby Pemaquid over the site of the former Fort Charles, destroyed in 1689 by the Penobscot Indians, allies of the French.

Finally in 1696, perhaps prodded by complaints in Quebec over the paltry successes of his *petite guerre*, Frontenac directed a French and native force to attack and destroy the fort at Pemaquid. At the same time, while being carried in a litter, he led a campaign through Iroquois country, burning crops and villages. An attack on Boston regained currency, with a proposal that a fleet of fifteen ships sail to Newfoundland to dispatch the sparse English settlements there, then descend to Boston, after picking up native allies in coastal Maine. Ever the soldier despite his advanced age, Frontenac planned to lead the force personally. However, in circumstances similar to those that led to Phips's failure at Quebec, supplies from Europe were crucially delayed. A full season was lost and the endeavour was abandoned.

Unlike his English adversary, Comte de Frontenac would live to see the end of the war. In 1697 the Treaty of Rijswijk ended hostilities and, thanks in large part to Frontenac, France seemed to hold a slight edge in North America. But the treaty did little to alleviate the tensions that had led to the conflict in the first place, and so the stage was set for ensuing conflict. After the war, having quarrelled with his intendant, and accused of pursuing the fur trade instead of fighting the Iroquois, Frontenac was recalled a second time. But, as with Phips, death claimed him before he could be called to task for his alleged offences. He died in Quebec on November 28, 1698, at the age of seventy-eight. ■

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A SPORTSMAN

PART I: A WILDERNESS BECKONS

by Karen Wonders

At the end of the nineteenth century, Western Canada's grassland, forest, and mountain splendours lured wealthy trophy hunters from London to St. Petersburg in pursuit of the teeming game. But thousands of settlers more interested in putting a partridge in the pot than antlers on the wall arrived as well. Soon the hunting paradise began to disappear. As wilderness tracts retreated and game diminished, the need to conserve what remained became obvious. In Part I of this finely detailed account, Karen Wonders examines the critical role the pursuit of sport and adventure played in defining Canada to the outside world and to the settlement of the Canadian West.



Ever since Europeans began their explorations of the North American continent, they were attracted to its primordial wilderness. In stark contrast to Europe, where nature had long been transformed by civilization, they saw the New World as a vast and unconquered land filled with a bountiful array of indigenous creatures. But as the Atlantic side of the continent became progressively settled, cultivated, and industrialized, the remaining reserves of wild nature were pushed further west and north. In contrast to its longer-settled and more populated American neighbour, Canada was often characterized as a place where nature still existed in a primeval state, offering an abundance of magnificent wilderness scenery and unequalled opportunity to engage in the pursuit of wild game.

Extolling Canada in his 1866 book, *The Sportsman and Naturalist in Canada*, W. Ross King, a well-travelled English major, wrote:

Whether to the sportsman, the naturalist, or the traveller, nothing can well be more alluring than its vast tracts of primeval forest, inhabited by moose and caribou; its game stocked prairies of boundless extent; and its broad rivers, filled with silvery salmon and spotted trout; flowing

through grand and picturesque solitudes, little known and less frequented.

THE BEAVER COLLECTION

By the second half of the nineteenth century, with few true wilderness regions in North America remaining, the difficult-to-penetrate northern ranges of Canada's Rocky Mountains were the glorious exception. Here wild predators—grizzlies, black bears, wolves, coyotes, cougars, eagles—still ruled their wilderness kingdom. Large migratory herds of buffalo, caribou, and pronghorn antelope still roamed the plains at the eastern slopes. Grouse and upland birds nested in the grasslands and waterfowl populations of ducks, geese, swans and cranes were dense. Bighorn sheep and mountain goats dominated the upper ranges of the Rockies and below, in the forests, were moose, wapiti, and mule deer as well as many smaller furbearing mammals such as fox, lynx, marten, and weasel. Pike, sturgeon, trout, and salmon thrived in rivers, lakes, and coastal waters.

Wild game of all sorts, which had long ago become scarce or nonexistent in Europe and other parts of North America, was free to all and the right to take it at will was unrestricted. As a knighted English emigrant to British Columbia wrote in a book designed to lure British sportsmen and settlers of means to the Canadian West, it was truly "a sportsman's Eden."

MAN'S EDEN



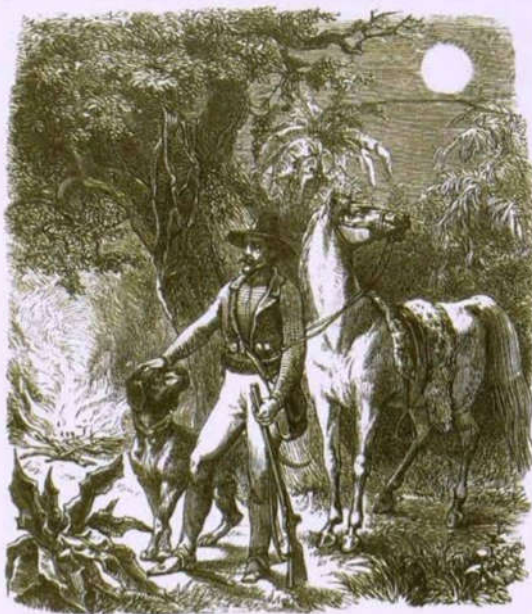
HUNTING BIG GAME BOTH AUGMENTED TRADITIONAL VALUES OF MANHOOD AND REINFORCED THE NOTIONS OF EUROPEANS, PARTICULARLY THE BRITISH, IN THEIR QUEST FOR COLONIAL PENETRATION. SPORTSMEN WERE SEEN AS EMPIRE BUILDERS. JOHN PALLISER, FROM WHOSE 1856 BOOK *The Solitary Hunter; or Sporting Adventure in the Prairies* THIS ENGRAVING IS TAKEN, WAS A PASSIONATE COLLECTOR OF ANIMAL TROPHIES THOUGH HE IS PROBABLY BETTER REMEMBERED TODAY AS THE LEADER OF A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION TO EXPLORE THE FLORA AND FAUNA OF WESTERN CANADA ON BEHALF OF ENGLAND'S ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Initial expeditions to the Canadian West were made largely by British-born explorers and fur traders motivated by the utilitarian desire to find a trade route to the Pacific, either by the northern seas or through the Rockies. Europeans became familiar with the natural history of British North America through widely published stories by explorers such as Sir Alexander Mackenzie, whose perilous journey brought him fame as the first European to cross the North American continent; Sir John Franklin, whose disappearance caused a much-publicized search; and Sir John Richardson, whose 1829 four-volume illustrated *Fauna Boreali Americana* was the first published scientific account of the animal life of North America.

The inaccessibility of the land and the hostility of the climate initially prevented Western Canada from becoming anything more than a lucrative hunting ground for fur traders, however. Instead, it was the American frontier that became the destination of European and Euro-American explorers, sports-

men, naturalists, and collectors as they joined government expeditions to the West or initiated their own. Many were searching for a picturesque wilderness, "a sportsman's and naturalist's paradise," as historian William Goetzmann put it.

Generally, those who had the leisure time and wealth to amuse themselves in this way were of British and European royalty or landed aristocracy for whom "sport" was defined as the pursuit and killing of animals, birds, and fish by gentlemen for pleasure. But in the New World, traditional European hunting rituals were reshaped by the wilderness and its native inhabitants. Buffalo hunting, for example, was a new "wild" sport in which the Indian method of stampede and chase on horseback was adopted. The American buffalo was widely believed to be the most fierce and formidable wild animal in the world—"neither the Polar bear, nor the Bengal tiger, surpass that animal in ferocity," stated Alexander Ross in 1855. The buffalo quickly lost its attraction as an object of sport, however, when overhunting resulted in the near extinction of the species. Instead the hunting of other big-game



THE NEW WORLD FIRED THE ROMANTIC IMAGINATIONS OF EUROPEANS, NOT THE LEAST IN THE SUBJECT OF HUNTING, WHICH INSPIRED IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY THE LITERARY GENRE OF THE HUNTING ADVENTURE. HERE, IN THE FRONTISPICE TO GERMAN WRITER FRIEDRICH STRUBBERG'S 1858 MEMOIR *Amerikanische Jagd-und Reiseabenteuer*, THE ADVENTURER IS SHOWN IN EUROPEAN HUNTING COSTUME, BEARING EUROPEAN ARMS, IN A DENSE AND BROODING ALMOST OLD WORLD FOREST NIGHTSCAPE. AND YET THE NEW WORLD IS THE SETTING.

species, based on the principles of stalking, tracking, and calling, evolved as the dominant sport in North America.

For visiting European sportsman, wilderness hunting was one of the great attractions of the New World. A book by the German writer and sportsman Friedrich Strubberg about his hunting adventures in America is typical of the romantic genre that was popular in Europe. The frontispiece depicts the hunter in his camp at night; on one side a fire signifying civilization burns brightly, and on the other a full moon illuminates the menacing darkness of the untamed wilderness. Strubberg is dressed in European hunting costume and bears European arms. He is attended by a German breed of hunting mastiff and is leading a nervous European thoroughbred horse saddled with European riding gear. It is an image that proclaims the courage of the sportsman in seeking adventure and danger by the hunting and slaying of wild beasts.

By the end of the nineteenth century, the hunting of exotic big-game species around the world had become a fashionable blood sport, particularly among the British, and the collecting of trophy heads a status-seeking activity. As an international cult, big-game hunting occurred on every continent, but it spread most rapidly in colonized territories where it became a powerful cultural and political force. Sportsmen were seen as "empire builders" who upheld the traditional values of manhood and national dominance in the symbol-laden activity of hunting for pleasure.

The sportsman cult was also closely tied to the study of natural history. Sportsmen were the first to write specifically and at length about nature and the pleasures of hunting and fishing in the New World while adorning their hunting lodges and fishing huts

with paintings and sculptures that captured, so to speak, the passion of their sport.

One of the first English gentlemen to travel to the Canadian West specifically to engage in the new and "noble" sport of buffalo hunting was Sir Frederick Graham, who embarked upon a cross-plains hunting expedition in 1847. The account of his adventures, *Notes of a Sporting Expedition in the Far West of Canada*, included an illustration by George Catlin depicting an English sportsman being chased by a raging buffalo bull. Based on the true experience of an earlier English traveller, Sir Charles Murray, the illustration first appeared in Catlin's 1844 portfolio, *Hunting Scenes and Amusements of the Rocky Mountains and Prairies of America*, a subscription

edition intended to appeal to the sporting instincts of wealthy English gentlemen. Accompanying the illustration was Murray's description of the magnificent bull he had severely wounded, "his thundering hoof, glaring eyes, and nostrils throwing out bloody froth," making "the most furious gestures of rage and pain."

Like their big-game hunting compatriots, British trollers, fly-fishers, and anglers were also attracted to the Canadian West. The lure of plentiful fish was confirmed by the well-travelled author and explorer Sir James Edward Alexander in his introduction to an 1860 book on salmon fishing in the West of British America:



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The soldier and the civilian, the merchant and the farmer, in the West may diversify and lighten their duties and their toils with the most exciting sport in these vast regions – the haunts of the bear, the deer and the fox; and the fisherman has such a scope for his 'gentle art' on the lakes and rivers frequented by the great maskonge, salmon, bass, whitefish and co. that home fishing would appear very tame ever after.

It was British Columbia, however, rich in natural resources and far from the haunts of civilization, that was promoted most vigorously as a new El Dorado. The English traveller and author, Kinahan Cornwallis, described his adventures there in robust, romantic terms, and he besieged the colonial secretary "to ensure the safe keeping of a land so extensive and bountifully supplied with the requirements of man, and upon which Nature has lavished her treasures with so inviting a prodigality."

His call did not go unheeded. In the late 1850s, on both sides of the Rockies, two exploratory expeditions sponsored by the British government were at work. In B.C. John Keast Lord, an English naturalist and member of the Royal College of Surgeons, worked for the North American Boundary Commission between 1858 and 1862. In the Territories, John Palliser, an Irish sportsman and member of the Royal Geographical Society, led an expedition to map the wilderness, report on its natural history, and assess its value for settlement and resource exploitation.

A veteran traveller and dedicated collector of natural history specimens, Lord described in his two-volume natural history of B.C. a marmot seen high on a solitary and picturesque mountaintop. Believing it to be an undiscovered species, he did not hesitate to

In the New World, traditional European hunting rituals were reshaped by the wilderness and its native inhabitants.

shoot the curious little creature, which had whistled at him. "My delight at getting a new animal was uppermost," he wrote. The natural history specimens collected by Lord were among the first scientific collections made of the mammals, birds, fishes, and insects of B.C. They were sent back to London to the Royal Artillery Society and later ended up at the Natural History Museum in South Kensington.

Heir to a wealthy landowner, John Palliser was more a passionate collector of trophies than of scientific specimens. Following an 1847 hunting expedition to the Upper Missouri River, he wrote a popular account dedicated to his brother sportsmen of England, Ireland, and Scotland describing his wilderness adventures. It was filled with vivid hunting anecdotes, such as a surprise encounter with a grizzly bear:

I felt that escape was impossible ... so cocking both barrels of my Trulock, I remained kneeling until he approached very near, when I suddenly stood up, upon which the bear, with an indolent roaring grunt, raised himself once more upon his hind-legs, and just at the moment when he was balancing himself previously to springing on me, I fired.

When he was certain the beast was dead, Palliser walked around his prize, "surveying his proportions with great delight." Like most sportsmen, Palliser was trained in the rudiments of taxidermy, and took great care to skin the bear properly so as to be able to return to England with what he called "a trophy of my conquest."

Palliser enjoyed these wilderness sporting adventures so much he was eager to make another western expedition, this time to the British-held territories. In 1856 he petitioned the Royal Geographical Society for funding to conduct an exploratory expedition from Red River along the unsurveyed American boundary to the southern Rocky Mountains where he hoped to discover several passes that would provide a transport route to the Pacific.

Palliser's proposal was approved and expanded into a government-supported scientific expedition inspired by the famous German naturalist, Alexander von Humboldt, who had set the example in the worldwide collecting and measuring of natural phenomena. The expedition members included a number of prominent European scientists, among them James Hector, an Edinburgh-educated geologist and naturalist; Eugène Bourgeau, a French botanical collector; John Sullivan, an astronomical observer; and Thomas Blakiston, a lieutenant for the Royal Artillery as well as an ornithologist and geomagneticist.

Buffalo Hunt, Chasing Back by GEORGE CATLIN, PRINTED IN *Hunting Scenes and Amusements*, LONDON 1844. IN THE NEW WORLD IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, TRADITIONAL HUNTING RITUALS PRACTISED BY WEALTHY EUROPEANS WERE RESHAPED BY THE WILDERNESS AND ITS NATIVE INHABITANTS. TO HUNT BUFFALO, FOR EXAMPLE, THE INDIAN METHOD OF STAMPEDE AND CHASE ON HORSEBACK WAS ADOPTED. OF COURSE, SOMETIMES AN AGGRIEVED BUFFALO CHASED BACK.



Even in the lush Canadian West the seemingly inexhaustible supply of wild game was inexhaustible no longer.

hunted game for sustenance and sport, and left their legacy everywhere by the naming of natural landmarks. They were the first Europeans to report on several species such as grizzly bears, mountain lions, and martens native to the Rocky Mountains. More ominously, they were among the last to record seeing large herds of buffalo.

Although Palliser never wrote a popular account of his explorations in the Canadian West, others who followed did. One was Sir William Butler, an Irish-born traveller who made his way to the Canadian West in search of wilderness adventure. Butler's travel narratives, published in the 1870s, were bestsellers in Britain and reinforced the image of the West as a place of vast, unrestricted, and uncultivated tracts of land, available for hunting and fishing by visiting European sportsmen.

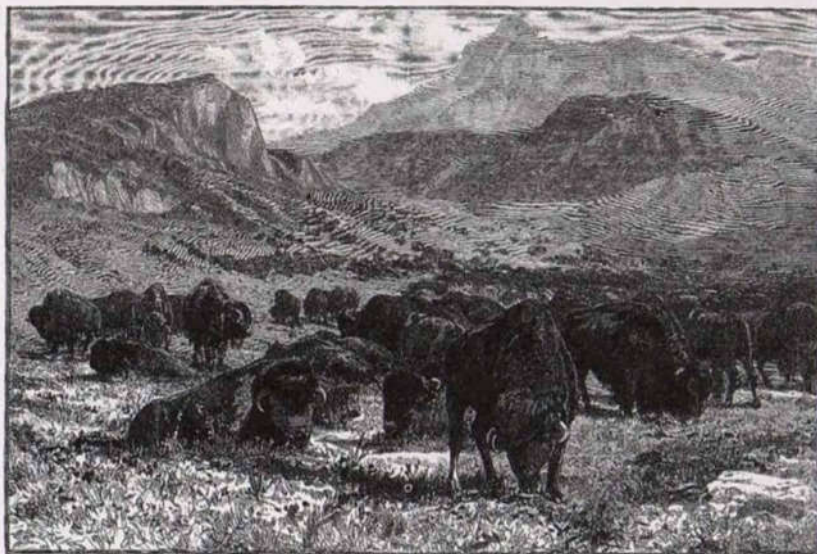
Within a few short decades, however, it was becoming increasingly apparent that even in the lush Canadian West the seemingly inexhaustible supply of wild game was inexhaustible no longer. As the wilderness retreated, wild animals like the grizzly bear, moose, and beaver took on a more romantic image. Not only were they linked to Canada's emerging national identity, they symbolized the importance of establishing reserves to ensure the survival of endangered species. It marked a profound change in attitude, but it came nearly too late.

By 1870 the fur industry had given up the West as a wilderness hunting ground and the priority became settlement, mineral and oil extraction, stock-raising, forestry, agriculture, and fisheries. The coming of the railroad to the Canadian West signalled the end of the wilderness frontier, spurring an international effort to preserve some of its most scenic tracts where urban-dwelling European and American residents could turn their backs on civilization and return to nature.

Between 1857 and 1859, members of the Palliser Expedition described the native fauna and flora, observed the native inhabitants, collected natural history specimens,

At the same time, however, the West continued to be portrayed in words and in pictures as a wilderness paradise. Indeed, it was the "promise of Eden," writes historian Doug Owsen that empowered the expansionist movement to settle the West.

British Columbia and Alberta were of special interest to sportsmen. Until the Canadian Pacific Railway forged a transcontinental route through to the coast in 1885, they had remained isolated wilderness hunting grounds used primarily by aboriginal peoples and trappers engaged in the European and American fur trade. But the railroad rendered the West to land speculation and profit, ensuring the conversion of wild land into grazing pastures for cattle, farms, and mining and lumbering claims. The resulting loss of wilderness habitat (already weakened by decades of trapping, hunting, and fishing for commercial mar-



IN 1800 THE PRAIRIE BISON POPULATION WAS ESTIMATED AT BETWEEN FIFTY AND SIXTY MILLION. BY 1885, HOWEVER, PRAIRIE BISON WERE VIRTUALLY EXTINCT. THE INTRODUCTION OF THE HORSE AND GUN TO THE PLAINS RADICALLY ALTERED HUNTING PATTERNS WITH EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN TROPHY HUNTERS IN THEIR QUEST FOR ADVENTURE SLAUGHTERING THE BEASTS IN GREAT NUMBERS OFTEN SIMPLY FOR HIDES OR HORNS.

kets) produced a dramatic reduction in wildlife.

The plains buffalo, which had once teemed in millions, was virtually extinct everywhere in the West by 1885. By the 1860s, commercial buffalo hunters from the U.S. had moved across the 49th parallel into present-day Alberta and, within a couple of decades, the last great herd of northern plains buffalo was demolished. An attempt was made to protect the species in 1877 with the Territorial Game Ordinance. But it was repealed the next year and not reinstated until 1890, by which time the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains had been cleared of both the buffalo and the plains peoples who depended on them.

In spite of diminishing game, however, the West continued to be portrayed as a veritable sportsman's paradise and a boundless frontier awaiting progress, settlement, and industry. Throughout the 1870s and '80s, illustrations appeared in popular British magazines such as *The Graphic* and *Harper's Weekly* depicting English sportsmen shooting mountain sheep, bear, antelope, and buffalo in the West. According to an 1882 edition of *Picturesque Canada*, the West was a place where "the mountains still afford good sport with the rifle and the lakes and streams swarm with trout," giving the sportsman "as much reason to rejoice in this section of the country as the lover of the picturesque."

Like B.C., much of what is now Alberta provided vast tracts of wild land for the pleasure of sportsmen wanting to hunt and fish, although it had remained a relatively inaccessible wilderness frontier until 1883, when the railway reached Fort Calgary in southern Alberta.

Founded in 1876, Fort Calgary was not only a gateway to the big game of the foothills and the Rockies, it was on the edge of the rich bird-shooting grounds of the plains and offered within its immediate vicinity some of the best angling streams and rivers in the West. Years before it was incorporated as the first town in Alberta, Calgary was renowned as a centre for sport. In his 1882 book on hunting in the Rockies, the well-travelled Austrian sportsman William Baillie-Grohman proclaimed Calgary to be one of the "sportiest places on the continent."

With so many eminent sportsmen, including the Prince of Wales, visiting Calgary to experience, at first hand, the "sportsman's Eden," it's hardly surprising that local society tried to follow suit. Calgary's first businessmen's group, calling itself the "Pack of Western Wolves," had as their leitmotif a preserved and mounted wolf head exhibiting a ferocious expression. On the occasion of Calgary's civic incorporation in 1893, the Pack gave the lieutenant governor of the Northwest Territories, Charlie Mackintosh, an honorary membership and had him pose for a studio photograph beneath the snarling wolf head.

Here, surely, was the ultimate display of power over nature, of the success of the European drive to exterminate the "vermin" of the wild land. To settlers, the wolf embodied a negative view of the wilderness and eradicating it was seen as progress toward civilization. Furthermore, as a natural predator of big game, the wolf was regarded as a competitor to the sportsman.

Western settlers soon joined the ranks of those dedicated to hunting, shooting, and fishing for pleasure. One early social organization in Calgary was the prestigious Ranchman's Club, founded in 1891. Many of its charter members were active sportsmen and the club headquarters was designed as a romantic hunt-

ing lodge, its interior walls adorned with big-game heads, horns, and antlers, many of them trophies donated by members. Ranchers in southern Alberta were largely English-born immigrants, and they brought with them their horses and love of fox hunting. Because the fox was nonindigenous to the region, however, the sporting ritual was adapted to the pursuit and killing of coyote.

The region surrounding Edmonton was equally attractive to sportsmen. The Saskatchewan River, which runs through Edmonton, was especially celebrated for its trophy-sized sturgeon, while the plains prior to settlement teemed with game birds, huge numbers of which were killed for sport and local consumption.

Angling for trout and other native fish species in the mountain-fed rivers and streams of the southern foothills was another sport much enjoyed by the early settlers. By 1890, however, native stocks of speckled trout and bull trout had significantly decreased. A report written by two sportsmen who had been fishing in the region since the 1870s recommended that "stringent laws be passed regarding the preservation and capture of fish." It also called attention to the environmental pollution caused by sawmills and demanded that the companies responsible be forced to adopt less destructive practices.

By the end of the century, rapidly disappearing game stocks had resulted in new ways of appraising the wilderness and its inhabitants, if only to preserve game species. One of the first sportsmen to engage in conservation issues was Henry W. Herbert, an immigrant and member of the English aristocracy who began writing on field sports in America in the 1830s under the pseudonym Frank Forester. His writings extolled the values of sportsmanship and fair chase,



THOUGH THE COMPLETION OF THE RAILWAY IN 1885 MARKED THE END OF WESTERN CANADA AS AN ISOLATED WILDERNESS FRONTIER, THE WEST NEVERTHELESS CONTINUED TO BE PORTRAYED AS A SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE. IRONICALLY, WHILE THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY BROUGHT IN THE VERY FARMERS, RANCHERS, AND LAND SPECULATORS THAT HELPED ENSURE THE LOSS OF NATURAL HABITAT, IT CONTINUED TO DIRECT ITS ADVERTISING, AS THIS 1894 BROCHURE INDICATES, TOWARD THE AFFLUENT RECREATIONAL HUNTER.

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ideals seized upon by popular magazines and associations devoted to the sports of hunting and fishing that had begun to appear in the 1870s and '80s.

Over the two decades spanning the turn of the century, one of the most powerful American advocates of sportsmanship, the preservation of big game, and the study of natural history was Theodore Roosevelt, who saw himself as a "wilderness hunter." Roosevelt and other wealthy American sportsmen and philanthropists such as Andrew Carnegie, Lionel Rothchild, and John D. Rockefeller often went on wilderness adventures and collecting expeditions to the West, bringing back big-game specimens, which were donated to urban museums in the East. In many instances they also sponsored the construction of expensive exhibitions, known as habitat dioramas, to showcase their trophies.

This display technique originated as a uniquely North American form of early environmental art, combining natural history, taxidermic sculpture, and landscape painting. The artists who worked on the habitat dioramas were often keen hunters and lovers of nature who accompanied the collecting expeditions.

For the first time the intrinsic value of the vanishing wilderness and its inhabitants was considered. Instead of referring to the native animals of a particular region either as game or as predators, "wildlife" became a more common term. University of Toronto professor George Altmeyer makes the point that in Canada between 1893 and 1914, the myth of the abundance of nature gave way to a new idea, first raised by sportsmen, that nature was, indeed, a limited storehouse.

In an attempt to force the government into taking a more responsible attitude toward the management of natural resources, the League of Canadian Sportsmen was founded in 1899, and the following year, the Canadian Forestry Association. As the official organ of the association, *Rod and Gun* magazine addressed conservation issues such as the passing of specific game acts in each province.

The belated 1919 establishment of a provincial game act in B.C. did little to diminish the province's reputation as a mecca of sport, however. Books published in London, such as the 1925 *Game Trails in British Columbia*, written by B.C.'s chief game warden, continued to celebrate the big game of the former colony.

One of the many American sportsmen attracted to the Canadian West was the naturalist, big-game hunter, and conservationist John M. Phillips. He lobbied the Canadian government to establish the first game reserve in Canada, some 500,000 acres in the southern Rocky Mountains of B.C. that was home to one

of the last surviving herds of wapiti in North America. Phillips was a hunting partner of William Hornaday, then director of the New York Zoological Society, and both men were charter members of the Camp Fire Club of America and active proponents of hunting.

They were conservationists, as well. Hornaday's essay, "The Ideals of Sportsmanship," was adopted as a code of ethics by the North American Fish and Game Protective Association. He was a fierce campaigner for the protection of wild animals, penning the memorable line, "A Rocky Mountain without a grizzly bear is like a tissue paper rose."

One of the first acts of the new province of Alberta, created in 1905, was to legislate game regulations. These regulations, passed in 1906, give a clear picture of the degree of game depletion that had occurred in the West: the hunting of buffalo and beaver was completely forbidden, and for the first time all other game species had seasonal restrictions imposed. Further prohibited actions included shooting on Sunday, the destroying of game by "unsporting" means, the marketing of certain game species, the hunting of deer with the use of a dog, and the taking of eggs from nesting game birds. "Limits of bag" were also set for individual species and a licence to shoot game was necessary for nonresidents who wanted to "take heads, skins and hoof of big game out of the country as trophies."

Meanwhile, in 1907, concern over the diminishing game led a group of Calgary sportsmen to form the Alberta Fish and Game Protective Association. Their aim was to preserve the game species that they viewed as the heritage of the new province. These early conservationists in southern Alberta, University of Calgary professor George Colpitts points out, were motivated by their need to preserve the social traditions of Britain. In other words, the privileged members of the new society wanted to ensure that their sporting activities would continue. They lobbied for poaching restrictions against native people and market hunters alike, and engaged in the restocking of wildlife habitats with game species beneficial to sport.

In an effort to restock the plains with game birds, for example, Austin de B. Winter, an English immigrant and sportsman, successfully introduced the non-indigenous Hungarian partridge to the West, an act that today would be viewed as biological imperialism.

While their motives may have been suspect, ideas of preservation and conservation were taking hold, nonetheless. It may have marked the end of an era, in some ways, but it also marked the beginnings of national parks and natural history museums. ■

In Part II of "A Sportsman's Eden," which will appear in the December 1999 / January 2000 issue of the *Beaver*, Karen Wonders continues the story of the key role sportsmen played in the establishment of Canada's national parks system and natural history museums.

Karen Wonders is a historian of art and science with a doctorate from Sweden's Uppsala University. She currently holds a research fellowship at the University of Goettingen in Germany. Among her publications is *Habitat Dioramas: Illusions of Wilderness in Museums of Natural History* (Stockholm, 1993).

"Black Flies, Hard Work, Low Pay"

A Century of Frontier College

by James H. Morrison ■ A hundred years ago only the favoured few received a formal education. Beyond the cities and farms, armies of men laboured in bleak conditions in Canada's hinterland, their chances of bettering themselves slim. But a passion for reform gave birth to a new idea – a labourer-teacher, who would take the classroom to the forests, mines, and railway camps. Times have changed, but Frontier College continues: Every age relegates someone to the margins of society.

Near right: Labourer-teacher François Labonte in class with railroad crew, White River, Ontario, 1926. After World War I, labourer-teachers went into the field prepared with a comprehensive handbook and stock words in foreign languages.



Far right: The interior of a lumber camp bunkhouse, which accommodated eighty men in close quarters, around 1925.



It was 1964 and university campuses across North America were exploding with protest. "Academic freedom," "student rights," and "the war on poverty" were issues of the time that awakened in many young people a social conscience about changing the world for the better. When a Frontier College representative arrived on my campus (Acadia University) in January of that year and offered "hard work, low pay, all the black flies you can eat, and the job of a lifetime," I, in youthful exuberance and altruism, seized the opportunity. A few months later, I was on my way to join the Canadian Pacific Railway steel gang in Northern Ontario to get my share of black flies, hard work, and low pay. On the dark side of dusk, I arrived at a long string of boxcars parked on a railroad siding deep in a thick forest. I was too late for supper, was assigned a top bunk in a crowded boxcar, and quickly slept.

Over a half century before, Frontier College had been born out of the same altruistic motivations espoused by 1960s youth. In the 1880s and 1890s, Canada, still barely a nation, was in a social crisis brought about by industrialization. Although the majority of Canada's population still lived in rural areas, in the previous half century farmers had resorted increasingly to mechanized farming as new sources of power—mainly steam-driven engines and the new gas combustion engines—became available. With the demand for agrarian labour decreasing, the drift of young men and women to the city had already begun—the "push" of farm labour complemented by a corresponding "pull" as the burgeoning factories of Central Canada sought a steady and ever-increasing labour supply. The resource-based economies of the eastern and western regions—the underground mines, hydropower projects, and lumber woods—also needed labour as the nation edged towards a new urban industrial footing. The romantic image of the

independent self-sufficient farmer was fading, replaced by the spectre of the overworked and underpaid industrial worker of the cities.

In 1889, after two years of hearings, the *Royal Commission on the Relations of Labour and Capital* released its report on the working conditions of the labourer in Canada. These five volumes presented a montage of images of long hours, child labour, and horrible working conditions. Although only one recommendation was adopted by the government, the public holiday "Labour Day," the report heightened public awareness of the plight of the worker and provided ammunition for the various reform movements of the day.

In addition to the urban worker, who received much of the Royal Commission's attention, there was

odour of sweat-encrusted socks and drying clothing was ever present. The evenings by lantern were dimly lit and short. Once the enamelware dishes were cleared away there was little to do. Many huddled on the tracks in the fading daylight, either standing or squatting on the rail. Talk, in low murmurs of many languages, was of work or of family hundreds or even thousands of miles away. The red-tipped cigarettes eased the body of a day's work and also kept away the swarming mosquitoes and ubiquitous black flies. As the sun set, men wandered back to their boxcars, climbed through the sliding steel doors, lit their lanterns, and crawled into their bunks to play cards or sleep. By ten o'clock, the boxcars were silent with only the whine of mosquitoes and the occasional snorts and snores of a weary trackman puncturing the profound stillness of the woods. Morning came early.



NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-846163

From left:
Laying track
in the Rocky
Mountains,
about 1910.



NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA-61772

Instructor D.L.
McDougall
(left) and a
class of Scandi-
navians at the
Mond Nickel
Company mine
in Larchwood,
Ontario, 1913.

also a vast army of workers outside both the urban and the rural settings. These workers, unrepresented, unorganized, and ununionized, existed as a tertiary labour force on the periphery beyond the farms – in the mines, in the lumber woods, and on the railway construction gangs. They worked at the primary level of Canadian industry, extracting the coal, iron, gold, and lumber or constructing the transportation systems of rail and road that brought these raw resources to the factories, refineries, and sawmills. Their working conditions were appalling and their living conditions primitive. While church groups, social workers, and government agencies assisted the urban worker with education and self-help, these tertiary workers of the hinterland had no such allies. Their prospects for education, improved labour conditions, or escape from the periphery of Canadian society were nonexistent.

■ Over two hundred men of diverse nationalities lived in the boxcars of the train. Some slept in modified sleeper coaches while most slept on two- or three-tier bunks in boxcars. There were eight to twelve men to each boxcar and the pungent

In the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, there was a passion for reform in North American society found in a multitude of movements – among Methodist preachers in the early trade union movement, among women and some men marching for equality in the suffragette movement, and in the rise of socialism and education movements that helped the flood of immigrants that had washed up on the shores of the New World.

One such movement was the Social Gospel, based on the premise that Christianity must find its meaning on earth, not its rewards in heaven. Banning alcohol, keeping the Sabbath sacred, educating the working class, and Canadianizing immigrants were common objectives. Most of the activists were urban-based with a focus on the industrial worker.

One man who took up the call of the Social Gospel was a young Presbyterian minister from Pictou, Nova Scotia, Alfred Fitzpatrick. As a student at Queen's University in the 1880s, he was exposed to the considerable influence of George Monro Grant, principal of Queen's (1875–1902) and a leading propo-

nent of a practical Social Gospel. Fitzpatrick was ordained as a minister in 1892. But by the late 1890s his zeal turned to encouraging others to read books (and not just the "good book"). Through immersion in the Social Gospel, he came to realize the importance of literacy to the disadvantaged, especially the labourers in the work camps across Canada. He believed that education was the God-given right of every person, male or female, not the exclusive privilege of the favoured few. With no support from union or state, Fitzpatrick set his sights on the labourers in the isolated work camps of Canada.

In 1899, he established the Canadian Reading Camp Association, and by October 1900 had established a reading room in a lumber camp near Nairn

side. The food was basic and plentiful. Men quickly squeezed onto the benches, turned over their enamel plates, and reached for whatever food was in front of them. Talk was minimal, and was only permitted if it began "Pass me ...". Any other topic was forbidden. The bull cook and his helpers ("cookies") were king and courtiers in the dining car. Any complaint or argument, any sentence that did not begin with "Pass me ..." could lead to banishment of the individual from the dining car – and an empty stomach was no way to start a ten-hour workday. Men ate quickly and efficiently – large spoons were favoured with little fancy fork work. Plates were then scraped to the enamel and deposited in a washtub at the end of the car. Men eased out and others squeezed in. A quick puff, a visit to the canvas outhouse (for sit-down duties only), a huddled discussion of the day ahead, and seven o'clock came soon enough.

Alfred Fitzpatrick (1862–1936) founded Frontier College and its precursor, the Canadian Reading Camp Movement, on the strength of his Social Gospel beliefs.

Reading class led by labourer-teacher A. Maclean at Powell River Pulp and Paper Company, Powell River, B.C., around 1910.



NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-05817



NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-70899

Centre, Ontario. By 1903 there were twenty-four such reading rooms in various camps, either semipermanent log structures or portable canvas tents. With the financial support of church congregations, companies, and individuals, "instructors" with some university background were paid to look after the room and teach illiterate camp men after the day's work was done. This passive pedagogy did not succeed, however; so in 1902, Fitzpatrick introduced the concept of the labourer-teacher – an instructor who would work with the men at their jobs during the day and then teach them in the off-hours. Not only did this establish a greater rapport between the worker and the "college kid," it also mitigated Fitzpatrick's financial problems, for the instructors would be paid a wage for their labour.

■ Clang! Clang! Clang!

Near dawn, the two-foot piece of steel rail vibrated as the bull cook beat a metallic tattoo alarm – work started at 7:00 A.M., but breakfast came first. The dining car held one table that stretched from end to end, with wooden benches on each

By 1906, the Toronto-based Reading Camp Association as it was now called, was receiving requests for labourer-teachers from as far away as Burrard Inlet, British Columbia. The labourer-teacher concept was to span the continent and begin what the association's letterhead called "The Education and Social Emancipation of the Semi-Nomadic Labourers in the Frontier Lumbering, Mining, and Railway Construction Camps of Canada."

For more than a decade in the dawning years of the twentieth century, the Reading Camp Association grew. By 1913, seventy-nine labourer-teachers – the largest number ever – worked in camps in eight Canadian provinces. Some worked in the United States. The need was largely due to the transatlantic migration of hundreds of thousands of immigrants into Canada and the United States between 1896 and 1914, with close to four hundred thousand men and women entering Canada in 1913.

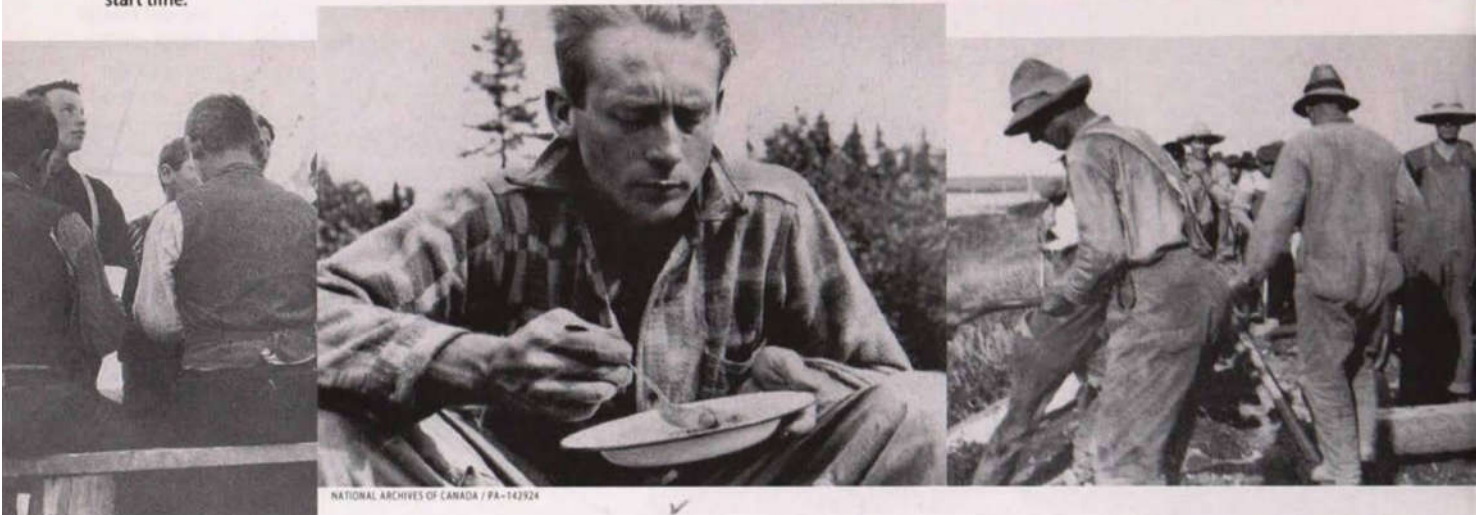
After World War I, the Reading Camp Association had new problems to confront. Europe had been swept up in the Bolshevik revolution, and it was wide-

ly feared that new immigrants flung away from the old world by the dislocating centrifugal forces of World War I would bring this ideological "contagion" to Canada. The Winnipeg riot in June 1919 involving strikers, riot police, and the unemployed added fuel to an already flickering flame of protest.

In response, Fitzpatrick decided to provide a more comprehensive training for the labourer-teachers before they went into the field. Together with his assistant Edmund Bradwin, who had worked with him for fifteen years, Fitzpatrick wrote and published a *Handbook for New Canadians*. At a time when educational resources for teaching new immigrants were scarce, this handbook of over three hundred pages was a combination of history, geography, civics, and the how-to's

In January 1919, the board of Fitzpatrick's Reading Camp Association applied to the Canadian government for a name change. Approved a year later, Fitzpatrick's alternative to other higher education institutions would be called Frontier College. He envisioned a fundamental national role for his creation. It would train labourer-teachers from academic professions to go to the frontier work camps and, with the assistance of federal and provincial agencies, bring all levels of education to everyone. In the 1920s, this included academic faculty from Dalhousie, McGill, Wisconsin, and the University of Toronto. With the assistance of Frontier College, an immigrant worker could begin by learning English and proceed to a university degree without going to a formal educational setting.

Breakfast was served between the wake-up call at dawn and the seven o'clock start time.



NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA-142924

Rail crew in Western Canada, 1924. Foreground (facing camera) is shovelman and labourer-teacher T.E. Proctor.

of becoming a naturalized Canadian. It included a pedagogy for instructing adult foreigners in a nonurban environment and a vocabulary of stock words in Italian, French, Swedish, Ruthenian (Ukrainian), Russian, and Yiddish for the instructor. Each labourer-teacher received a volume to take to the camps. No one could ever accuse the labourer-teacher of being ill-prepared.

The handbook was a practical tool for the labourer-teacher. But Fitzpatrick's second book, also published in 1920, provided a theoretical basis for his philosophy of adult education. Called *University in Overalls: A Plea for Part-Time Study*, it delineated how the universities could take education beyond the ivory tower and into communities and workplaces, however remote. As the subtitle indicates, the book also advocated university establishments recognize part-time study. At a time when, with one or two exceptions, university outreach and continuing education for postsecondary courses was unthinkable, Fitzpatrick argued not simply for educational change but for an education revolution—the integration and accommodation of formal schooling to the rhythms and patterns of working people's lives.

In 1922, Frontier College became Canada's first and only national university when it was granted degree-granting powers by the Canadian government. In the decade that followed, much of Fitzpatrick's time, energy, intellect, and determination was spent on making his college a success. But the "university in overalls" was short-lived. The provincial government in Ontario, where Frontier College was based, succumbed to pressure from the established universities, which opposed the notion of degrees earned beyond the shadow of the ivory tower, and stopped funding. Faced with such pressures and with age slowing his energies, Fitzpatrick retired in 1933 at the age of seventy-one and the university concept was abandoned. Within three years, he was dead. Edmund Bradwin assumed the principalship. Under his administration the College reverted to what Bradwin believed it did best, the familiar labourer-teacher role.

Canada was now in the midst of a depression and immigration was at an all-time low. However, there were still rail camps, road camps (the Trans-Canada Highway was being constructed), and unemployment

relief camps to which labourer-teachers were assigned. By the mid-1930s, the College was sending over two hundred labourer-teachers to camps across Canada. By 1937, for the first time in its history, Frontier College was not in debt. Bradwin visited college campuses and challenged students with his offer of "hard work, low pay, black flies, mosquitoes, dirt, bad food, and a chance to help your fellow man." He knew that of which he spoke. His own years of hard work and low pay had led eventually to a Ph.D. thesis at Columbia University (1922). It was published under the title *The Bunkhouse Man* in 1928. This analysis brought to government attention the appalling conditions in Canada's work camps and led to subsequent labour reforms.

The Second World War saw a shift in worker patterns. Virtually no immigrants arrived in Canada. Women and men poured into the cities to work in the war industries. Labourer-teachers went to work on the construction of the Alaska Highway while others served as instructors on the military bases.

Canada emerged from the war as a major industrial power. Despite a brief recession in 1946-47, the Canadian economy began two decades of unprecedented growth. Thousands of veterans who returned from the war took advantage of education subsidies, and eventually joined the burgeoning white-collar work force. It became difficult to attract Canadian workers to the traditional unskilled jobs of the frontier.

But again there were immigrants. Those dislocated

A steel-laying gang returns to camp from lunch on the Canadian National Railway line northwest of Hornepayne, summer 1949.



NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-126497



PETER A. NIBLOCK



NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-657083

■ The west was tough. First of all the steel rail used was of a lighter weight than that which we used in Northern Ontario because the prairies were, as one track man put it, as flat as piss on a plate. For the machine operators who wrestled and pushed and shoved many of the machines forward foot-by-foot through the terrain of Northern Ontario this was a blessed break. At the same time, flat land meant going flat out as fast as possible. It was light rail and a straight track. Instead of the two or three Northern Ontario miles, there were now four to five prairie miles of track to be laid. The long column of workers, well over a hundred, had to double their speed to complete the day's work. When men started to drop from heat exhaustion in mid-afternoon we simply started work earlier – before first light – and stopped before the sun stopped us. Once my body achieved the rhythm needed for the spike hammer machine, I allowed my mind to calculate the numbers. With twenty wooden ties to a rail, 140 rails to the mile, and five machines operating, I was driving 1,120 spikes per mile. This meant almost 5,000 spikes in a ten-hour day. That calculation made me more tired so I didn't do it anymore.

ed by the war in Europe, refugees and displaced persons (DPs), were eager to start a new life in Canada no matter what the conditions. If labour was needed in the mines, the hydro projects, railway repair crews, or resource industries, they would do it – regardless of their backgrounds. Two million immigrants were admitted to Canada from the close of the war to 1961. In the early 1950s, two-thirds of the working men in these labour camps were immigrants or "New Canadians" in the terminology of the day. At the same time, the technological changes in the workplace after the war meant that education and labour had become inextricably linked, as Fitzpatrick had prophesized.

The labour environment was not what it had been. Labour-intensive work in the traditional resource-based camps was beginning to be replaced by capital-intensive machinery. The need for unskilled workers was replaced by a need for machine-skilled workers. By 1960 the federal Department of Manpower and Immigration was established and the Technical and Vocational Assistance Act passed to establish training facilities and occupational training. Through the 1960s,

Bricks and mortar have never been a feature of Frontier College. Classrooms were often temporary structures, such as this tent at Swanson's Camp, Mile 6, B.C. in 1911, which moved as the workers' tasks shifted.

1970s, and 1980s, in the face of a changing economy, new labour technology, the disappearance of "remote" work camps, structural unemployment, and new advances in the education environment, Frontier College faced an ever-changing mandate. In this new industrial order, technology, employment, and education were tightly interconnected.

Frontier College has survived depression and war, government cutbacks and government competition, an ever-changing definition of work, and the shifting frontiers of need.

■ Two weeks had passed. I had worked at a variety of jobs. Spike setter, drill operator, spike puller, hammer man, and now spike hammer machine operator. The aches and pains were less and I had calluses on my calluses. I was now ready for my classes in the empty boxcar that would be my classroom for the summer. I nailed my rubber blackboard onto the far wall of the boxcar and put up a sign that read "Classes: English, French and Math every evening from 7:00 to 9:00 in the reading car. All welcome." By 6:50 I was at the boxcar waiting. And I waited and I waited and I waited. At 7:30, Pierre Robert, a young Métis, appeared at the door. "How are you doing?" "Not very well." "Well I'm interested in completing Grade 10 math. I've seen you work on the rails. I'd like some help." My first student! More men came. The evenings stretched to 9:00, 9:30, 10:00. In the weeks and months to follow, there would be a variety of students – Polish, Italian, Hungarian, First Nations – and a variety of duties – teaching English, math, writing letters to insurance companies, or helping with citizenship exams. By the time summer had ended, I had taught a number of eager learners. I had learned a lot about myself physically and mentally and I had decided on my future vocation – teaching.

Despite new challenges, Frontier College looked to its roots: to take education to those who did not have it wherever they might be, or as Fitzpatrick had noted, "wherever and whenever two or three are gathered together, there will be the time and

place of their education." The concept of the labourer-teacher was not the only answer, for the needs were not where they once were. Frontier College's challenge was still addressing the needs of those on the periphery – those who fell through the cracks of the traditional education system.

It has continued to do so with programs for people with disabilities, for ex-offenders and prison inmates, and in partnerships with the native community and the homeless. It has addressed early literacy through reading circles for young people, and in the 1990s returned to its university campus roots, establishing *Frontier College Associates* for students to assess and address the literacy and social needs of the community in which their campus was located. A renewed labourer-teacher program brought English-as-a-second-language classes to labour migrants on Canadian farms.

One hundred years old this year, Frontier College has survived depression and war, government cutbacks and government competition, an ever-changing definition of work, and the shifting frontiers of need from the labour camps of black flies and long hours to the urban frontiers of grinding poverty and hopelessness. Consistently serving Canada's disadvantaged and working to bring the marginalized into the mainstream, it has survived with an innovative and pragmatic approach to Canada's evolving social needs. Even in a country changed in so many ways from a century ago, Fitzpatrick's thoughts from *University in Overalls* are still significant:

"Education must be obtainable on the farm, in the bush, on the railway and in the mine. We must educate the whole family wherever their work is, wherever they earn their living; teaching them how to earn and at the same time how to grow physically, intellectually, and spiritually to the full stature of their God-given potentialities. This is the real education." ■

James H. Morrison is a former labourer-teacher, a member of the national board of Frontier College, and professor of history at Saint Mary's University, Halifax.



RES Tolstoy a



STATUES ARE NOT VERY COMMON in prairie towns. Sometimes there is a soldier on the war memorial and images of religious figures inside or outside a church, but usually that is all. But at Veregin, Saskatchewan, a small village eighty kilometres northeast of Yorkton, a large bronze statue of Count Leo Tolstoy dominates the landscape. Why the people of Veregin, whose population today stands at ninety-two, would choose to commemorate a renowned Russian novelist and social reformer is a fascinating chapter of Canada's immigration history.

Exactly 100 years ago, a large number of Doukhobors, a Christian sect from Russia, emigrated to the Canadian West. Tolstoy, who was sympathetic to their beliefs and shocked by the persecution they were suffering, gave them the moral and financial support that made their migration possible. In the

town named (albeit with a slightly different spelling) after one of their leaders, Peter "the Lordly" Verigin, the striking statue of Tolstoy—raised in 1987—is a reminder of the Doukhobors' gratitude to their benefactor. Nearby is a well-preserved prayer house, a museum containing a collection of documents and pictures related to Tolstoy's life and work, and a second museum filled with objects depicting the early days of Doukhobor life in Saskatchewan.

The Doukhobors originated in southern Russia in the second half of the eighteenth century. Because they were usually illiterate and therefore unable to set down their beliefs, and because these beliefs were not held by all members and were frequently changing, it was difficult at first to describe with any certainty what they stood for. In 1832, however, a Professor Orest Novitsky published a thorough study of the sect in which he set forth the basic tenets of the Doukhobor faith—the primacy of individual conscience, the rejection of church organization and secular government, and the importance of pacifism. Though Doukhobors were to respect Christ and the Bible, conscience, regarded as a gift from God and described as the "spirit within" or the

URRECTION

nd Canada's Doukhobors

by Hubert G. Mayes

*Doukhobors on arrival at Halifax harbour.
Between December 1898 and April 1899, some 7,400 Doukhobors were brought to Canada on
two converted freighters. Most were settled near Yorkton and Prince Albert, Saskatchewan.*

D-63

R.C. McLeod/CPA



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Leo Tolstoy (1828–1910) was a celebrated Russian novelist and devoted family man when a spiritual crisis in his early fifties led him to reconsider his presumptions about faith and the meaning of life. Practising a form of Christian anarchism, he became a fierce critic of both the Orthodox church and the Russian state. He was excommunicated in 1901, but his great fame forestalled the banishment that was often the fate of Russian nonconformists. His conversion to pacifism, to social property, and an unmediated relationship with God made him a natural ally of the Doukhobors, who suffered persecution at the hands of the Russian government.

"Christ within," was the force that would move men and women to do good willingly. External coercive forces such as churches or governments were unnecessary. Based on Bible teachings, nonviolence was also an essential element in Doukhobor life—a doctrine extended to animals, resulting in the practice of vegetarianism.

Their beliefs brought them into conflict with the Russian Orthodox Church and they were given a disparaging name—"doukhobor" or "spirit wrestler" since they were perceived to be wrestling against the Holy Spirit. But the Doukhobors turned the name to their own advantage, claiming that they were wrestling *with* and *for* the Holy Spirit.

According to Novitsky, the Doukhobors lived orderly, frugal lives, kept themselves and their homes clean, and were adept at growing crops and raising cattle. Novitsky's disapproval of their religious beliefs and customs did not prevent him from presenting a generally favourable picture of their way of life. He did, however, note that superstition, anger, and quarrels were prevalent among them, that they were obsti-

nate in their doctrine, and that they were guilty of insubordination to the authorities.

In the latter part of the nineteenth century, their steadfast adher-

ence to their religious principles led to continuous and often brutal persecution. Several years after conscription was introduced in 1887, their refusal to bear arms brought an onslaught of beatings, rape, and forced service in penal battalions. The Doukhobors had been banished to the Caucasus in 1841, but after 1895, the government, considering them still a subversive influence in Russian society, began to disperse them (and hence to impoverish them) with the hope that the sect would eventually be eradicated.

It was almost inevitable that Leo Tolstoy would become interested in the plight of the Doukhobors. Long before 1895, when their tribulations were reaching a state of crisis, Tolstoy's long and serious study of Christianity had convinced him that it was impossible for a true Christian to bear arms against his fellow man. He also firmly believed that the rituals and sacraments of the Orthodox Church were nothing more than shams that kept the people of Russia in fear and superstition. He denounced as well the close link between church and state that had long prevailed in his country—an alliance that made any critic of the

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Canada was prepared to offer land to the Doukhobors, the Russian authorities were glad to see them leave, and the Doukhobors were ready to go.

church a disloyal member of the state. Tolstoy's fierce attacks on both institutions were widely circulated, and in the case of the church, they led to his excommunication in 1901. However, such was his fame as a novelist, short story writer, and polemicist that he was

able to avoid the banishment usually reserved for nonconformists. His great novels *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*, as well as autobiographical works and essays on religion, art, and social reform, had won him thousands of admirers beyond the borders of Russia. This international reputation, coupled with the fact that he was the descendant of two aristocratic families, meant that taking up the cause of the Doukhobors was not likely to create undue

risks for himself and his family. However, his wife Sofya expressed fears in her diary that her husband's support for the Doukhobors and his castigation of the established powers would lead to their own ruin.

In 1895 Tolstoy described the desperate situation of the Doukhobors in a letter to the *Times* of London. He was aware that any written appeal published in Russia would be ruthlessly censored, and he knew that the most effective way of embarrassing his own government was to arouse sympathy and indignation abroad. The *Times* published his letter under the headline "The Persecution of Christians in Russia." As the years passed, Tolstoy sent a petition to the czar, wrote letters, collected money from others, and sent money from his own funds for immediate relief. He also corresponded with Peter Verigin, the Doukhobor leader, who was living in exile in Siberia. In 1897 he wrote a letter to the Norwegian parliament urging that the Nobel Prize for peace be given to the Doukhobors. In their refusal to serve in the army, he argued, they were—unlike governments and established churches—true followers of Christ's teachings and genuine proponents of peace.

For some time, Tolstoy had been working on his final novel, *Resurrection*. In 1898 he decided to donate

the proceeds from this work to the Doukhobors, with the hope that the contribution would make it possible for the sect to pursue the only course of action left to it—emigration. His wife, however, protested that he was giving his money to cranks, and that his own children and grandchildren would be reduced to poverty. She was not unsympathetic to the Doukhobors—she admired many of their principles—but the strain of having to accommodate their delegates when they came to visit her husband sometimes drove her to exasperation. A typical outburst appears in her diary: "Oh why did he involve himself with these Doukhobors! It's so unnatural. We have quite enough to worry about within our own family; our children need a father who takes an interest in them, instead of searching the world for sectarians." Yet when the Doukhobors were finally on their way to Canada, she wrote, "This government is utterly senseless—fancy deporting these marvellous folk from the outlands of Russia! They are beautiful people with a highly developed moral sense, who neither swear nor sin."

As the century closed, there was no longer any doubt that the Doukhobors would be allowed to leave the country. An imperial order issued in February 1898 gave permission for their exodus, but also decreed that "their emigration be at their own expense," and that "at their departure they must give a signed statement to the effect that they will never return to the Empire."

Since the Doukhobors were so numerous, and because their subsistence was based on agriculture, their emigration would have to be to a country where large tracts of farmland were still available. Canada was such a country, although by 1898 much of the finest land in the West had already been taken up by settlers from Eastern Canada and the British Isles, as

Tolstoy wrote his last novel, *Resurrection*, in 1899, when he was seventy-one years old. He refused to take money for his writing in the latter decades of his life, but he made an exception for *Resurrection*, the income from which he assigned to aid the Doukhobors. Tolstoy's family did not always share the great man's convictions. His wife Sonya refused to surrender her possessions and join him in the ascetic life, and much against his will obtained the copyrights to his works printed before 1880 (including *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*) to secure her family's comfortable existence. Tolstoy felt keenly the contradiction between the easy life his family lived and the simple hermitlike existence for which he strived.



well as immigrants from many European countries. In fact, another pacifist sect from Russia—the Mennonites—had established themselves in the West over twenty years earlier and were proving to be excellent farmers. Clifford Sifton, the minister of the interior, was vigorously pursuing the Canadian government's policy of settling the West as quickly as possible, and despite some opposition from English-speaking elements, he encouraged emigration from Eastern Europe.

Feeling sure that Canada would be receptive to the idea of bringing more immigrants from Russia, English philanthropist and Tolstoyan Aylmer Maude resolved to do what he could to expedite the emigration of the Doukhobors. In September 1898 he set out for Canada, accompanied by D. A. Hilkoﬀ, a Russian nobleman who was to look for suitable land, and two Doukhobor families. As Maude had hoped, he found the Canadian government willing to accept the spirit wrestlers, and its agents were favorably impressed by the Doukhobor families. The government promised a bonus of £1 per immigrant, the usual free grant of 160 acres of land to each male over eighteen, and the guarantee of shelter in immigration halls. In addition, the government gave its assurance that the Doukhobors would be exempt from any form of military service.

Canada, then, was prepared to offer land to the Doukhobors, the Russian authorities were glad to see them leave, and the Doukhobors were ready to go, but the problem of transporting the people to a far-off land was a formidable one. As Maude noted, they had no Moses to lead them, no central organization, no business manager, and no plan of action. Collecting the thousands of emigrants from their scattered communities so that they could take trains to the Black Sea port of Batum was the first obstacle to be overcome. Then there were the problems of financing the train travel in Russia, the sea passage to Canada, and the long journey across much of Canada. Help came from the Quakers in England and the U.S., and from the Tolstoyan community of Purleigh in England. The Doukhobors themselves raised a considerable part of the cost of the operation, but the largest contribution came from Tolstoy.

In the summer of 1898 Tolstoy decided to find a



Friends of the Doukhobors. D-63

The consequence of Tolstoy's eloquent writings on morality and religion was discipleship, and hundreds of admirers came to his country estate south of Moscow to see and talk with the modern wise man.

One of them was Leopold Sulerzhitsky (standing, right), who helped him organize the transportation for the Doukhobor emigration from Russia. Though some of Tolstoy's thirteen children disapproved of their father's passions, one, Sergei (standing, left) accompanied a shipload of Doukhobors from the port of Batum on the Black Sea to Halifax.

the service crews would be made up of young Doukhobors. After a long search he found two freighters, the *Lake Huron* and the *Lake Superior*, ships that sailed regularly between Liverpool and Quebec. The Doukhobors had assembled provisions for the journey, which was expected to take a month. Sulerzhitsky was relieved to learn that he would not have to worry about the storage of meat, his charges being vegetarians.

On December 9 the Doukhobors began to board the *Lake Huron*, and the embarkation continued through the night. In the morning, with 2,140 emigrants onboard, the ship moved out of Batum to the sound of the Doukhobors' mournful psalms. Tolstoy's son Sergei, who had been assisting Sulerzhitsky in the preparations for the voyage, witnessed the departure. In a prophetic passage he described the final moments and the feelings he experienced:

A rocket was sent up from the boat as is the British navy's custom when an emigration ship sails. Sulerzhitsky, a sailor himself, climbed the mast and waved goodbye from the top. All this was very moving, but I felt sad and rather frightened about the future of these two thousand people. They had a month's journey ahead of them—cold and illness, lack of bread and hot food, bad water, seasickness, and all that to contend with in small, dark, badly ventilated cabins. There would surely be some deaths on the journey. It seemed sad that they were forced to go simply because of the stupid behaviour of some individual in authority and one could not help wondering whether they would be happy when they arrived at their journey's end.

representative to give direct assistance to the Doukhobors. He made an excellent choice in Leopold Sulerzhitsky, one of his young admirers. Sulerzhitsky gave a good demonstration of his competence when faced with the problem of finding ships to transport the emigrants. Discovering that passenger ships—even the cheapest—would be far too expensive, he decided to hire ordinary freighters, buy lumber to make bunks, and make other adaptations for passenger travel. The necessary mechanical and steering staff would be hired, but

Sergei was right. There were deaths – ten of them. Finally, after passing through a terrible storm on the Atlantic and dense fog as the ship approached the Canadian coast, the *Lake Huron* arrived at Halifax. The journey had taken thirty-two days. After medical examinations, the ship went on to St. John, where the Doukhobors disembarked and boarded the trains that would take them to immigration halls in several Manitoba centres. Their last task was to rip out all the wooden bunks and deposit the lumber on the dock, in accordance with their contract with the shipowners.

The *Lake Superior* left Batum a week after the first ship. It carried 2,300 emigrants, led by Sergei Tolstoy. When it arrived at Halifax, it was detained in quarantine for twenty-seven days because of smallpox. At the end of January 1899, the *Lake Huron* made a second trip, transporting a group of Doukhobors who had been moved to Cyprus, but were suffering greatly from the change in climate. In April the *Lake*

Superior sailed again with the final and largest contingent. In all, some 7,400 Doukhobors were brought to Canada on the two converted freighters. They settled in the area of the North-West Territories that in 1905 became the province of Saskatchewan – two groups north of Yorkton and a third southwest of Prince Albert.

Little seems to have been recorded concerning Tolstoy's contacts with the Doukhobors after their arrival in Canada. He did, however, write to them on two occasions. In a November 1899 letter he informs them he is sending money that has been collected and exhorts his "brothers" to bear their trials with submission to God's will. He urges them also to live with brotherly love, "showing people an example of Christian life."

In the second letter, a much longer one dated February 15, 1900, Tolstoy expresses concern about reports he has received from Canada that the Doukhobors are beginning to hoard property and refusing to share with others. He tells

them that he understands their position in a strange country, amidst strange people, and knows how hard it is to live in a commune. "I know all this," he continues, "but I know also this, that if you want to continue to live a Christian life and do not wish to renounce everything for which you suffered and were exiled from your country, you cannot live in a worldly way and collect property each for himself and his family, and retain it separately from the rest." Tolstoy could not have realized that the course of action he was urging his brothers to follow was one that would soon bring many of them into direct conflict with the Canadian authorities, for whom individual ownership of land was a time-honoured principle.

It is tempting to end the story here, but to do so would leave the impression that the Doukhobors, having escaped persecution, and finding themselves in a land of opportunity, all became respected citizens of their new country. Most of them did. Others, however, formed fanatical splinter groups that from the beginning of the century until as late as the 1960s caused the Canadian legal system serious and almost constant trouble. Arson, bombings, nudist demonstrations, hunger strikes, and refusal to send children to government schools became commonplace. Much of this conflict took place in the Kootenay region of British Columbia, where Peter Verigin had resettled a large number of the immigrants, beginning in 1908. This sad chapter of the Canadian Doukhobor story now appears to be closed.

As we look back over the 100 years that have passed since the arrival of Tolstoy's spiritual brothers, it becomes clear that to a large extent the great writer's hopes have been fulfilled: a persecuted Christian sect possessing many admirable qualities was saved from annihilation and allowed to remain true to its pacifist principles. Furthermore, the many descendants of the Doukhobors (over 30,000 in number) have taken their place as an integral and respected part of the Canadian nation. ■

Hubert G. Mayes, Winnipeg writer and retired University of Winnipeg professor, is a frequent contributor to the *Beaver*.

COMING IN DECEMBER | JANUARY

The Beaver

A Thousand Years Ago Today
Northern North America was the centre of the universe for its native inhabitants, a speck on the distant rim of the world for a few European adventurers. What was life like in ancient Canada? Very different.
BY ROBERT MCGHEE

1900
Canadians were five million strong the last time we rang in a new century. Agriculture was our main activity, though our secular faith turned increasingly to science and technology. Reflections in a not-too-distant mirror. BY DESMOND MORTON

Apocalypse Then
Signs and portents attend not only millennial changeovers. In Canadian history, the end of the world has often been nigh. At least in the minds of some true believers.
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... and coming in February/March
The *Beaver* celebrates Canada's century

In 1904, Sir Wilfrid Laurier declared that "the twentieth century belonged to Canada." In this special issue of the *Beaver*, some of Canada's best minds in the fields of politics, business, family, consumerism, immigration, culture, and the military assess Laurier's bold claim. Was the twentieth century really ours? It's all a matter of perspective.

Reviews

Featured Books

■ **Destruction at Dawn**

By Arthur Bishop
McGraw-Hill Ryerson,
Toronto, 1998
304 pp., illus. \$34.99
hardcover

■ **Casual Slaughters and Accidental Judgments: Canadian War Crimes Prosecutions, 1944-1948**

By Patrick Brode
University of Toronto Press,
Toronto, 1997
290 pp., illus. \$39.95
hardcover

■ **The Science of War: Canadian Scientists and Allied Military Technology during the Second World War**

By Donald H. Avery
University of Toronto Press,
1998
406 pp., illus. \$40.00
hardcover

■ **Tom Thomson: Design for a Canadian Hero**

By Joan Murray
Dundurn Press, 1998
109 pp., illus., \$29.99
hardcover

■ **A Grand Eye for Glory: A Life of Franz Johnston**

By Roger Burford Mason
Dundurn Press, 1998
100 pp., illus., \$29.99
hardcover

A Military Trio

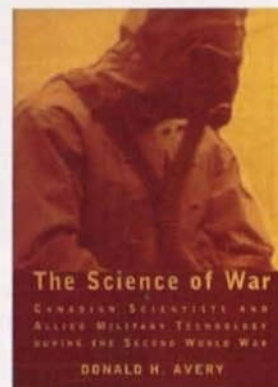
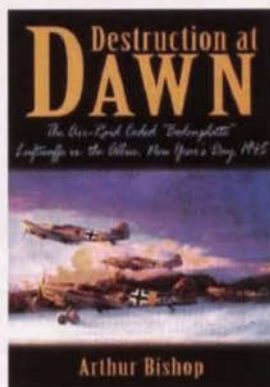
On New Year's Day 1945, a little more than four months remained for the European war to end. Advancing armies from east and west were inexorably closing the ring around Hitler's Germany. The Allies enjoyed almost complete control of the air, but the enemy's bag of tricks had not quite been emptied. As 1944 was ending, the *Wehrmacht*, in a desperate attempt to reach Antwerp (thus seriously breaching the Allied line), had sown panic, especially among some unprepared American units. It took some time for the British and Americans to recover from the shock of the rapid German advance in the Ardennes, but by the start of the new year the tide had once again begun to turn in the Allies' favor.

On the first day of 1945, a relatively little-known event occurred in the annals of aerial combat. In an audacious effort to support their faltering ground forces, Hitler and Goering ordered the *Luftwaffe's* fighter arm to launch a furious all-out attack against French, Belgian, and Dutch airfields manned by British, American, Canadian, Polish, French, and other Allied airmen. It was given the code name Operation Bodenplatte (meaning low level), and in the end (and despite considerable damage inflicted upon certain targets), dealt a fatal blow to the German fighter arm. Adolf Galland, commander of these forces, called it "the final dagger thrust into the back of the *Luftwaffe*." Arthur Bishop's *Destruction at Dawn* reveals that the blame for this defeat could be placed as much upon an intransigent and desperate Führer as it could upon the resilience of the Allied defenders.

Bishop brings this epic struggle to life in the background he provides at the beginning and through interviews mainly with Canadians involved, but otherwise his extensive research is largely irrelevant, amounting to little more than padding. Must the reader be apprised of

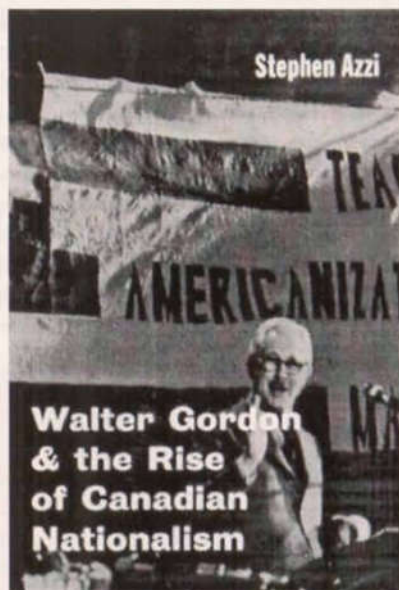
the rank, first and last names, and war record of nearly every German pilot killed, wounded, or taken prisoner during the raid? An annoyingly colloquial style (better controlled in his other books) demeans the historical import of the event. The book would have been greatly improved with the firm hand of a vigilant and demanding editor.

Patrick Brode's *Casual Slaughters and Accidental Judgments* predates Howard Margolian's *Conduct Unbecoming* (reviewed February/March 1999) and is, in some respects, a much better book. It, too, deals with war crimes committed mainly against Cana-

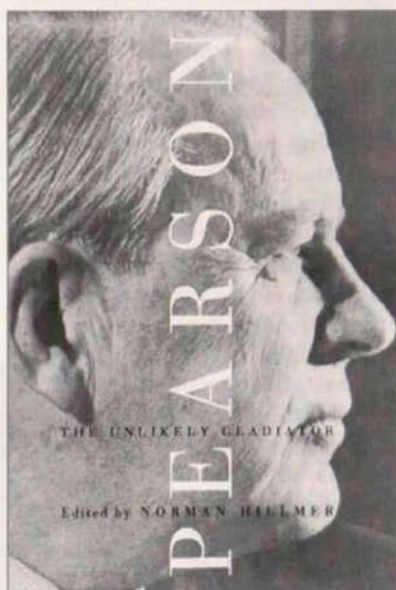


dian prisoners-of-war and with subsequent attempts to bring the perpetrators to justice. Its strength lies in its avoidance of emotionalism, in the breadth of its scope, and the clarity of its findings. Although Brode concentrates on the best known of these misdeeds—the murder of 156 members of the Third Canadian Infantry Division by Kurt Meyer's Twelfth SS Panzer Division "Hitler Jugend" and the tortuous road taken to bring Meyer to a trial that ended in commutation of his death sentence and eventual release—Brode also covers depredations later in Europe against Canadian airmen as well as against soldiers in the Far East, where 20 per cent of Canadian prisoners died through neglect, cruelty, and malnutrition at the hands of their Japanese captors (compared to 4 per cent who died at German hands).

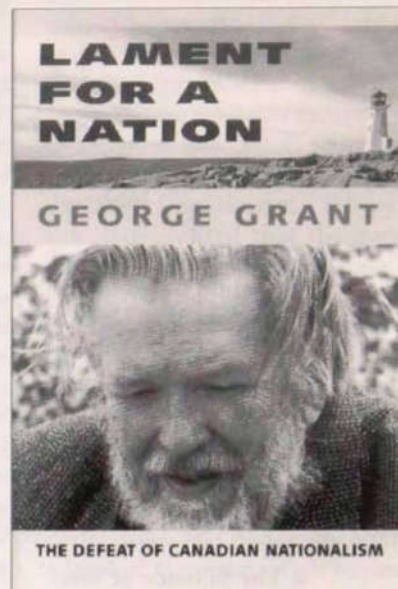
As for the Meyer case, Brode candidly claims the main reason for the SS *brigadeführer's* ultimate release was the seldom mentioned (especially by vic-



From the 50s to the 70s Walter Gordon was the voice of Canadian nationalism. The public followed his call for limits on American influence. Although his concerns are relevant today the policies he encouraged have been largely abandoned. \$34.95



Pearson's tenure was one of accomplishment and malaise, of a new flag and de Gaulle's cry "Vive le Québec libre!" This collection of essays by leading thinkers - including Claude Ryan, Christina McCall, and J.L. Granatstein - gauges the scope of Pearson's legacy. \$29.95



"No small country can depend for its existence on the loyalty of its capitalists" wrote Grant in this sobering and prophetic classic, published in 1965, in which he anticipated the rise of NAFTA, and the Canadian embrace of the US dollar. \$12.95

THREE DEAD WHITE GUYS

Did we bury their vision with them?

McGILL-QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY PRESS

tors in wartime) but disturbing admission that prisoners are not simply cumbersome but often expendable. Only the very naïve would refuse to accept that the rules of war regarding prisoners sometimes give way to the ruthless expediency of combat and that such faltering is occasionally and subtly intimidated by senior officers in the presence of subordinates. One is reminded of Henry II's wish in 1170 to be rid of the "turbulent priest," the soon to be martyred Thomas à Becket.

To Brode's credit—and no doubt to the annoyance of some Canadian readers—he delves briefly into this loss of control by the winners as well as the losers in wartime. He even brings us up to date by touching on the regrettable Somalia affair.

Given its nature, a topic such as the one treated by University of Western Ontario history professor Donald Avery could well have limited readership interest, since a treatise on scientific and technological wartime research in pedestrian hands might produce creeping somnolence. Such is not the case in *The Science of War*, for Avery has meticulously done his homework before clearly elaborating upon Canada's role in this hitherto little-known area of our contribution to the Allied war effort. Eighty-three pages of informative endnotes and a nineteen-page bibliography attest to the breadth and depth of his research. His style is facile and his findings are fascinating.

Quite apart from discovering how poorly prepared the U.S. and Britain were at the outset in the development of standard weaponry and of more insidious instruments of destruction, the reader learns how quickly improvements were made. The price was often humiliation for Canada, treated as a dutiful vassal to an imperious Britain. This drove us irrevocably into the orbit of American influence. In these pages once such household names as C.D. Howe, Frederick Banting, Wilder Penfield, and Norman Bethune abound. Most intriguing, apart from the political flirtations of some scientists (ending in Igor Gouzenko's revelations of a Soviet spy ring in Canada) is the prima donna conduct of such an influential

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THE ART OF NATION BUILDING

PAGEANTRY AND SPECTACLE
AT QUEBEC'S TRICENTENARY

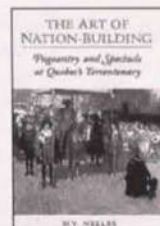
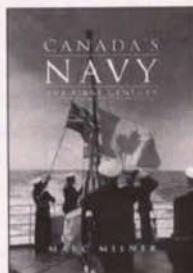
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Edited by Vera Fast

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character as Winston Churchill's confidant, physicist Frederick Lindemann (Lord Cherwell). His petty and acrimonious rivalry with the brilliant Henry Tizard seriously hindered British scientific defence development.

Avery successfully explains why some other men strayed into the communist camp by violating the Official Secrets Act. The book concludes with the well-worn justification for Canada's involvement in the development of mass destruction weaponry: the only means of defence was the retaliatory capacity of the Allies in the face of enemy barbarism. Scientists had a duty to ensure survival, no matter the means or the cost. Banting had called it a "war ... of brains and scientific ingenuity rather than one of man power, mass infantry and massacre." He was only partly right. This book, though, is a significant contribution to the history of Canada at war.

Reviewed by A. Gilbert Drolet, a former infantryman, who retired from active teaching in 1994. He is emeritus professor of literature at Le Collège militaire royal de Saint-Jean.

Two-Sevenths

In the mid-1910s Tom Thomson and Franz Johnston were two of the most vigorous members of the small circle of artists that later formed the Group of Seven. While both were obsessive landscape artists who used similar impressionistic techniques, they were antithetical figures who represented the far ends of what would become the Group of Seven ethos. Thomson was the moody loner who sometimes literally attacked his canvases if they failed to meet his standards. Johnston on the other hand was rarely more than a genial craftsman who made his landscapes so well-balanced and even pretty there is hardly ever a hint in them of the hardness and menace of the Canadian Shield. Not surprisingly, unlike Thomson, who died under mysterious circum-

stances in 1917 in Algonquin Park three years before the Group itself formed, Johnston went on to become one of the most commercially successful painters in Canadian history, first as a charter member of the Group of Seven in 1920, then in 1924 as its sole defector. He was lionized by the press. His canvases were always snapped up at good prices. Slightly shameless, he even affected a Vandyke beard and black beret to please unsophisticated patrons. Because he cranked out far too many mediocre canvases, his reputation eventually suffered and collapsed after his death in 1949 and has shown few signs of recovering.

Because two short biographies of the artists have appeared close together in the same format, they raise some interesting questions about the nature of biography and the meaning of art as the Group of Seven saw it. Both biographers, Joan Murray in *Tom Thomson: Design for a Canadian Hero* and Roger Burford Mason in *A Grand Eye for Glory: A Life of Franz Johnston*, have major problems to surmount. With Joan Murray it's a question of trying to find something new to say about Thomson's life. Time has yielded up precious little new material. There has been no attic trunk discovered with unknown letters. Up to the time Thomson

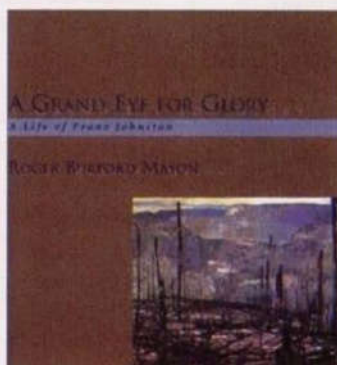
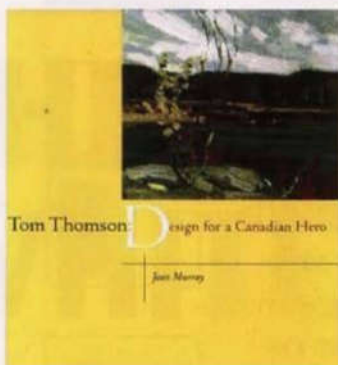
almost as soon as he died, Murray puts herself on guard, and it's clear that the subtitle of her book is partly ironic. She monitors the responses of those who have dealt with him. She makes it clear that, rather than being the John the Baptist of the Group of Seven, Thomson benefited significantly from the instruction and advice of A.Y. Jackson and Lawren Harris. Despite Murray's antiromantic stance, there was nevertheless a brooding sadness to Thomson's early death, which Murray calls a "Canadian cultural tragedy." After years of struggle, he was just starting to produce quite astonishing canvases.

With Johnston, Mason suffers the opposite problem of trying to find substance in plenty. Since Johnston was a public figure from the 1920s to the 1940s, there is a significant paper trail, including many newspaper interviews and the recorded memories of those who knew him. Yet what is one to make of it? Fundamentally, Johnston appeared to be an honest workaholic. He was cheerful and positive but ultimately shallow in his art. As if Mason were swept up with the positiveness of his subject, he maintains an upbeat tone throughout. While he admits to Johnston's weaknesses and reports the criticism directed towards the artist

even in his earliest years, he is not dissuaded from his own approach, leading to questionable and unsupported statements. Without elucidation, for example, Mason has Johnston producing "an almost priceless record of the last days of the traditional way of life of the Indians and Inuit he met" on an extended Arctic trip in 1939.

With sixteen pages of colour plates of key paintings, both books are compactly but smartly produced. Since Thomson and Johnston represent the antipodes, as it were, there is an opportunity of filling in the middle with similar studies of the other artists associated with the Group of Seven.

Reviewed by John Ayre, a Guelph-based writer and author of *Northrop Frye: A Biography*.



started producing his major canvases in 1914, he led a covert, poorly documented, life. There are many mysteries. There was, for example, his time as a photoengraver in Seattle, when he had some kind of love affair with Alice Elinor Lambert, later a popular American novelist who wrote a Thomson-like figure into her novel, *Women Are Like That*. Because he became romanticized

Those who deplore an apparently widespread ignorance of our history cannot have been keeping up with Canadian literature. In recent years, historical events have been central to a whole series of best-selling and award-winning novels. Most have dwelt on darker incidents—a political assassination in Jane Urquhart's *Away*, an Ontario murder in Margaret Atwood's *Alias Grace*, a native massacre in Guy Vanderhaeghe's *The Englishman's Boy*, Newfoundland corruption in Wayne Johnston's *The Colony of Unrequited Dreams*. Add also one that was on all of last year's lists of notable American novels: Andrea Barrett's *The Voyage of the Narwhal* which dramatizes an Arctic expedition in search of evidence of Franklin's demise. None of these books glorifies our past, but all are imaginative and intriguing, disturbing and even haunting. *The Colony of Unrequited Dreams*, a supposed biography of Joey Smallwood, is also wonderfully humorous, which is why it won this year's Stephen Leacock award.

Some of these novels may juggle history a bit, but all are constructed on

factual foundations. All have been critically acclaimed, commercially successful, and the four Canadian titles read aloud on CBC's *Between the Covers*. These novels suggest that little in our past is dull or dreary—only how some may write about it.

And where would the writing of Canadian history be without the University of Toronto Press? Albeit most of its published works are (no surprise) aimed at scholarly audiences, those of us who are not academics can still appreciate many of them. For example, who would believe that anything new could be written about the infamous Donnelly murders in Lucan, Ontario in 1880? Yet York University English professor Norman N. Feltes puts an entirely different spin on the story. He examines the evidence in minute detail using, would you believe, a "marxist structuralist methodology." It begins with descriptions of the geologic effects of the last glaciers, continues with a look at the techniques of original Buddulph Township Crown surveys, takes in early settlements and Upper Canadian immigration patterns, goes into the routing of early roads and later railroad lines, emphasizes the region's dependence on wheat as a staple product and the disruptions of changing agricultural markets, discusses the commercial records of the largest businesses, describes

social class structures as revealed by census and election data, and much more! The result is an extraordinarily detailed history (24 pages of endnote citations!). While not totally denying personal freedom, the author argues that human actions and personal choices, even in something as dramatic as mass murders, are hardly free at all.

Another UTP volume, *Drawn from Life*, details European descriptions of North American (largely Canadian) animals and plants from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century. It is thus a history of natural history, viewed particularly from the artistic drawings (and the texts accompanying them) which were published to convey information. These images (dozens are reproduced) reveal how strange the New World seemed through the eyes of old world voyagers. Preconceived patterns of thought distorted their depictions and descriptions. As one eighteenth-century artist, George Edwards, mused, "It is exceedingly hard to discover what truth is in a world of falsehood and controversy, where all of us suck in error with our mother's milk." These historic "natural" images, and the sensitive analysis accompanying them, are a reminder of how much our human understanding is dependent upon our vision.

Three other recent UTP books deal with aspects of Canadian labour history. Although each is too focused in specifics for me to offer full (or fair) review in this magazine, I nonetheless recommend them as worthwhile reminders of the human side of job loss and labour strife in Canada a hundred years or so ago. *Unwilling Idlers* examines the sufferings of the urban unemployed. *Spreading the Light* focuses on labour reform in Toronto. *Enlisting Women for the Cause* considers problems relating to women's political activity. As early twentieth-century B.C. feminist Helena Gutteridge complained, the message was confused: "First she shall not join the union, as in the early days, then she must, because his interests are at stake, then finding that does not keep him top dog, she must leave the trade entirely alone—it belongs by divine right to him. O Chivalry, thy name is man!" ☐

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- *Spreading the Light: Work and Labour Reform in Late-Nineteenth-Century Toronto*
By Christina Burr. University of Toronto Press, 1999. 254 pages. \$50 hardcover, \$18.95 paper.
- *Enlisting Women for the Cause: Women, Labour, and the Left in Canada, 1890–1920*
By Linda Kealey. University of Toronto Press, 1998. 335 pages. \$60.00 hardcover, \$24.95 paper.

Going, Going, Gone: Selling Canadian Heritage on the Internet

When the "Sir John A. Macdonald bedroom suite" was offered for sale on the Internet last April, a cry went up from across the land—led, of course, by those who could identify our first prime minister. Never mind that the purchase of this furniture had already been rejected by Canadian curators for the lack of supporting documentation linking it to Sir John A. In the end, the seven-day auction sale on eBay, the largest Internet auction house in the world, concluded not with a bang or even a whimper. Instead, rather fittingly, the attempted sale ended in a stonewall courtesy of a teenage boy in New Jersey who spoiled our bout of national hand-wringing by bidding \$400,000 for the suite while on an unauthorized virtual shopping spree in excess of a few million dollars.

Despite its generally unsatisfactory resolution, this whole sordid episode does serve to illustrate two vital issues facing Canada today. In a world of increased globalization, in an age when the Internet has begun to play a major role in commerce, how do we preserve our national identity? If our cultural objects are our heritage, and our heritage is our past, what results when we lose our country's heritage to the highest bidder?

The question of authentication is a thorny issue in the case of Sir John A.'s furniture. The elaborate Victorian suite, consisting of bed, dresser, and wash-

stand in solid walnut, may have been made to commemorate the visit to Canada of Edward, Prince of Wales in 1860 ("Prince of Wales" is inscribed on the back of the dresser). But, by all accounts, neither His Royal Highness (whose visit was scrubbed) nor Macdonald ever slept in this bed. Instead, by means unconfirmed, it wound up in the hands of Eliza Grimason, a "close friend" of Macdonald's and owner of one of his favourite watering holes, the Princess Hotel.

The Internet auction of the bedroom suite appears to have been a last gasp effort on the part of its present owners, the Chesebroughs of Kingston, to receive official recognition of the suite as Sir John A.'s and to reap the financial rewards thereof. Though the Kingston-based Internet Auction House, which brokered the sale for the Chesebroughs, has likened the suite to "Canada's equivalent of the Lincoln bedroom," over the years, curators and other historic agency employees have examined the suite, dated it to the 1860s, but could not firmly link the bed, dresser, or washstand to Macdonald.

While the auction site referred to the furniture as "without a doubt the most important culturally significant piece of furniture in Canada," this is highly unlikely. Yet without authentication of the suite's history, no furniture expert will recommend that the board set up under the 1977 Cultural Property Export and Import Act should prevent an export permit allowing the furniture's foreign trade. None of these

facts deterred the writer of the sale site, who baited the Canadian Cultural Property Export Review Board with the statement that "interested bidders should be able to place their bid without any government agency being able to identify them."

The auction was under scrutiny from several quarters. The Chesebroughs as owners looked for a fairy-tale dollar amount (a reserve price set at US\$200,000), the Internet Auction House promoted marketing, the Canadian Cultural Property Export Review Board concerned itself with potential loss of heritage, curators in Kingston and Ottawa wondered who would buy furniture with an unauthenticated history, dealers drooled over whether they could later sell merchandise to those gullible and willing to pay prices beyond such exotic reserves, and Internet company stockholders grinned at future potential monetary gains. After all, eBay founder Pierre Omidayar went from nowhere to thirty-sixth wealthiest individual in the world in 1999, his company having been formed way back in 1995. His net worth is estimated at US\$10.1 billion. Amazon.com entrepreneurs now sit with Sotheby auction house managers negotiating their own *coup mondiale*.

eBay has spawned a great mass of starry-eyed entrepreneurs of its own. It has changed the business of buying and selling antiques in Canada, and hastened the pace of their loss to American dealers and collectors. Now, anybody with a computer and Internet capabili-

ty can become a self-styled "dealer," competing against other dealers of all ilk for goods that are skyrocketing in price and becoming increasingly scarce on both sides of the border. The competition at auctions, shows, and shops has thus become fierce. Where once the slick Yankee roamed the Canadian countryside taking "that old junk" off our hands at giveaway prices, he now simply shows up at auction sales armed with greenbacks, eBay in his sights. And thanks to our shared ancestry and furniture-making traditions, the lines between what constitutes an American

Canadians themselves are now complicit in the great exportation of our material heritage to the U.S. ... quite aware that the ... buying cannot be sustained by a finite supply of goods.



antique versus a Canadian piece are not always clear, particularly to the uninitiated. An American may take home an Ontario cupboard, but once on U.S. soil, its roots, like those of any other immigrant to the great melting pot to the south, are neatly concealed, its new American identity forged. Dealers and collectors know, too, the likelihood of repatriation is slim indeed, if not nonexistent.

Canadians themselves are now complicit in the great exportation of our material heritage to the U.S. eBay has opened the door and, increasingly, established dealers and newcomers alike are crossing the threshold, eager for their share of the American pie, quite aware that the furious rate at which voracious Americans are buying cannot be sustained by a finite supply of goods. High-end to low, they are receiving, in many cases, "way above retail" for goods that had been gathering dust in their shops at reasonable prices, in Canadian dollars. The advent of eBay has expanded dealer markets exponentially, with the result that they are no longer dependent upon the local

traffic of casual browsers. Rather, with a flick of a switch, Canadian antiques dealers can now offer their wares for sale to the world (read: Americans). Some ecstatic Canadian dealers are even considering closing up their real shops to devote themselves full time to selling online. Great as business may be for Canadian sellers, buyers now find themselves out of luck, unable to compete against American online buyers, unable to compete at local auctions, and unable to find the coveted item in antiques shops. Looked at from this perspective, the time-honoured practice of antique hunting appears to be going the way of the dinosaur, replaced by computer wheeling and dealing from the comfort of one's own armchair. The journey may still be perilous, nonetheless. On the Web, images are often poor quality, lack accompanying construction details or condition reports, and are enticingly open to manipulation. Connoisseurship goes out the window.

In the case of the so-called Macdonald furniture, connoisseurship is out of the question, given the resources provided. A CD-ROM contains several thumbnail images of the bed, dresser, and washstand, but any curator would have trouble matching the pictures to reality. No dimensions, materials, or any other basic information are provided with the images. The essential sense of sight is restricted and the senses of touch and smell totally removed. Authentication of this being a set, let alone it being Sir John A. Macdonald's furniture, is questionable using CD-ROM technology as a substitute for expertise. Linked to Sir John A., the erstwhile suite of around \$30,000 on a good day becomes evaluated at \$200,000 minimum. Yet the bottom line continues: the furniture has no clear provenance.

The loss of artifacts to the south is an ongoing problem. As Dalhousie University popular culture historian Michael S. Cross proclaims, we should sell whatever remains of our heritage for whatever we can get, before some smart Americans con us into giving it to them free, à la free trade agreement,

magazine deal, etc. Canadians are so accommodating. Why lose that gentlemanly tinge by stooping to crass commerce in selling to *los ricos Americanos*? Let us be masterful and donate to the minions in the south.

Our past becomes tangible through possessions, legacies inherited from elites, our national birthright. By retaining our cultural objects we retain our identity and, in this instance, our superiority over the heathen south of the border. To lose such a rivalry through electronic wizardry is anathema. ■

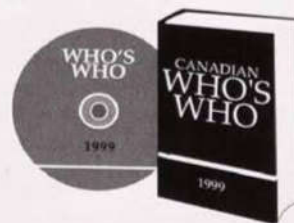
Patricia Potvin is an editor and freelance journalist who was briefly addicted to eBay. She writes regularly for the *Upper Canadian* on the Quebec antiques scene and is a passionate collector of Canadiana.

Jane L. Cook specializes in eastern North American furniture history and is a curatorial research associate at Kings Landing Historical Settlement and the McCord Museum of Canadian History. She is currently a postdoctoral fellow with Desmond Morton at the McGill Institute for the Study of Canada.

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THE Society



Conference & Award Ceremony Pending

The presentation of the 1998 Pierre Berton Award will take place at the Society-sponsored conference for provincial history societies, in Toronto February 18-20, 2000. The award, established in 1995, was created to recognize an individual or institution for distinguished achievement in popularizing Canadian history.

Toronto's CoEd Communications is assisting the Society in organizing the conference. The CRB Foundation of Montreal is providing financial support for the event.

Help for History

The Society's first direct-mail fund-raising campaign was launched in June when slightly more than 15,000 subscribers received an appeal for support. The response has been both generous and gratifying. As of September 1, some 300 members have donated \$20,000 to the cause. Their support is deeply appreciated.

The campaign among members is part of a comprehensive, multipart appeal to diversify and broaden the Society's revenue base by an additional \$2,000,000 from corporations and foundations, government, and directors and staff of the Society. The additional dollars will enable the Society to enhance existing projects – such as the *Beaver* magazine – and to explore or introduce a variety of new ones – such as a version of the *Beaver* aimed at children. Society chairman Joe Martin set out the case for support in the June/July 1999 issue of the *Beaver* in a piece on the Society page entitled "Looking Forward."

The balance of the magazine's 40,000 readers will be canvassed in the fall.



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Finalists Announced

The finalists in the 1998-1999 Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History were selected in June from among 116 entries. They are:

- Phyllis R. (Zado) Belliveau, George Lee School, Regina, SK
- Dr. Paul Bennett, Lower Canada College, Montreal, QC
- Nick Brune, Iroquois Ridge High, Oakville, ON
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- Alan Skeoch, Forrest Hill Collegiate, Toronto, ON
- Lloyd Solomon, Souris Regional High School, Souris, PEI

As in previous years, an awards ceremony was hosted by His Excellency, the Right Honourable Roméo LeBlanc, Governor General of Canada, this time on September 11 at his summer residence, Le Citadelle, in Quebec City. Alan Skeoch was honoured with the 1998-1999 Award. His Excellency presented him with a medal, a cheque for \$5,000, and, courtesy Bell Canada, a computer for his school.

Museum Profile

The Manitoba Museum of Man and Nature and Planetarium were conceived in the 1960s in an era anticipating Canada's centennial celebrations and the space race, and with a growing concern for the environment. Created to educate audiences about space science and ensure the preservation and interpretation of Manitoba's heritage for current and future generations, the award-winning museum has delighted a half million visitors annually since opening in 1970.

The changes of the past few decades have been dramatic. The high-tech future we envision on the eve of the millennium was almost unimaginable in the '60s when the moon walk was a dream and black-and-white television was the norm. The museum has responded to this new vision by launching the SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY, an innovative building renewal program that will transform the museum physically and expand program capability.

Following expansion of the Nonsuch Gallery and the opening of the Hudson's Bay Company Gallery in 2000, three new legacy projects will take shape over five years: a major interactive gallery on the parklands region of Manitoba; the AstroScience Theatre, one of the most technologically advanced and versatile multimedia facilities anywhere in the world;

and a spectacular new light-filled entrance/atrium designed to welcome visitors and provide easy access to all program and activity areas. These legacy projects will allow the museum to continue to challenge hearts, minds, and imaginations well into the new century.

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- Manitoba Museum of Man and Nature, Winnipeg
- Western Canada Aviation Museum, Winnipeg
- McCord Museum of Canadian History, Montreal
- Pointe à Callière, Musée d'archéologie et d'histoire de Montréal
- Canadian Museum of Civilization, Hull, QC
- New Brunswick Museum, Saint John
- Yarmouth County Museum, Yarmouth, NS

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OUTSET MEDIA

Working with History

These days, every proposal to "save" Canadian history by exciting the young seems to come equipped with massive private-sector funding, a board of blue-ribbon corporate and academic patrons, and publications larded with sponsor logos. It was in reaction to that trend, perhaps, that I drove over to Hamilton, Ontario, to visit the Ontario Workers' Arts and Heritage Centre.

The Workers' Arts and Heritage Centre is in north-end Hamilton—"tough, gritty, industrial north-end Hamilton," one is tempted to say, almost by reflex—where it occupies a

four-square Victorian edifice built in 1860 as the local customs office and still boasts "Victoria Regina" carved over the door. Like local museums and heritage organizations across the country, the Workers' Arts and Heritage Centre tries to balance a small staff and a big mandate, and worries about operating expenses, funding cuts, and the usual endless scramble to raise the funds and do the work.

On the other hand, this is one history place where you hear none of that depressing mantra "history is dead and somehow we have to force the young people to listen." Here's one institution that seems to know its audience, and

confidently expects its audience will care about it and connect to it.

"This is a workers' centre," says executive director Mary Breen. "We never thought of calling it a museum." It began as an idea in the 1980s, the brainchild of a collection of labour activists, working-class artists, and labour historians, who thought there should be a place specifically dedicated to working-class history and culture of Ontario. Hamilton, with its central location and strong worker traditions, successfully wooed the Toronto-based board, and in 1995 the organization acquired Customs House, then empty and threatened. With big ambitions and no long-term funding commitments, the centre opened in 1996.

It's a place with a political stance. Union support was vital in bringing the centre into being, and its first exhibit, in 1996, saluted the fiftieth anniversary of the strikes of 1946, when Hamilton's industrial unions consolidated their position and a fifth of the city was on the picket line. In 1996, Ontario was in the midst of the labour movement's Days of Action against the new government of Mike Harris, and the centre made its historical exhibit part of the anti-Harris project. "When we approached the Trillium Foundation [a provincially funded granting agency often considered close to the government], I could not find any of our publications that did not refer to our participation in the Days of Action," says Breen unapologetically. (They got the grant.)

But the centre is political in a larger,



Built in 1860 to serve as Hamilton's customs office, today this Victorian building houses the Ontario Workers' Arts and Heritage Centre.

looser sense: in acting on the idea that a specifically working-class history and culture exists and needs to express itself, no matter what is being done by other kinds of museums, galleries, and cultural centres.

One exhibit the centre developed was called *The People and the Bay*, but even though the show seemed to be about recreation and boating (Hamilton harbour is just down the hill from the centre), it was rooted in an understanding that working people with no cottages or camps to go to have a different relationship with their local waterfront than middle-class citizens. Another exhibit, about Studebaker, was less a car fanciers' show than a study of the people who worked at the Hamilton Studebaker plant from 1945 until 1966, when its closure marked the end of the Studebaker line.

When I visited the centre, a show called *Vita Nuova* was examining the lives of Italian immigrant workers in Ontario. There was challenging material on the often-resented job brokers called *padrones*, and on the legacy of both fascism and wartime internment. But the centre stands in the heartland of Italian Hamilton, and as I walked out the front door with executive director Breen, a visitor coming in waved to her and said, "I'm here to see if you have my grandparents in the show!" ("We probably do," she said to me.)

That exchange defined how the centre operates. "We don't have a curatorial staff, we don't have a budget for elaborate exhibits," says Breen, "so we have to go out and get our audience to contribute the materials. We almost always get a labour group, or a community group, or a group of workers, to provide photographs and artifacts, to create oral testimony, to assemble records to tell the story. We help design it into a 'story,' and then the people who have helped make the exhibit generate the audience for it." Or as an enthusiastic visitor put it, "This is *our* place for *our* artistic endeavours, *our* history and *our* culture."

Bigger-budgeted museums, hamstrung by funding cutbacks, are intrigued by the Workers' Arts and Heritage Centre's ability to do more with less.

The labour movement has been an important supporter of the centre, and helping union locals gain access to their own history has become an important part of the centre's outreach. "These are stories that have not been told before, that the partici-

pants had maybe never expected to see being told," says Breen of the local union history projects the centre has assisted around Ontario. "If you can show the workers their own history, particularly if it's a story they have assembled themselves, that really registers."

Ed Thomas, a Hamilton worker and labour activist who helped bring the centre to Hamilton, is a case in point. Several years ago, he began to examine the history of his own union local. "I'd never written anything," he says. "I'm a tractor operator, I was a failure in school." But he learned how to research and write, how to gain support, "how to turn on a tape recorder," and even how to market a book. Today he co-chairs the centre. His new book, a guide to writing union histories, will be distributed to union locals across the country through a partnership with the Canadian Union of Public Employees.

The centre's success in identifying and satisfying an audience makes it a valuable partner to have, and that breeds new connections. Currently the centre is collaborating with a score of other civic historical and heritage agencies to develop an extensive tour of Hamilton's industrial heritage. Ed

Thomas sees in it a chance to celebrate all the things "made in Hamilton," things like a handsome old stove he has that was one of the first products of the city's iron foundries. But the centre's participation ensures the tour will remember the workers as well as the products. "The factory that built that stove had bitter strikes, and the workers actually burned down part of the plant," says Thomas.

This era of celebrity culture, when cultural projects are supposed to be heavily sponsored blockbusters, doesn't seem the time to emphasize low-key, low-cost exhibits about workers and communities. But these days Mary Breen notices that bigger-budgeted museums, hamstrung by funding cutbacks, are intrigued by the Workers' Arts and Heritage Centre's ability to do more with less. Across Canada, it may well be the places with a specific, motivated audience that are best placed to offer the fresh, edgy, relevant versions of history and culture we still need. ■

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Album

Kenneth D. Craig, who submitted this photo to the *Beaver*, is the grandson of Idella Craig, who died in 1965. He lives in Vancouver, B.C.



Candy Store Having paper bags at the ready hanging from a contraption suspended from the ceiling seems like a good idea. In 1908, in Middleton, Nova Scotia, people were probably as prone to sugar cravings as they are today in Anywhere, Canada, and if you ran a candy shop and tea house as did Idella Syretha Congdon (as she was known then), it was best to be prepared for the potential onslaught. Certainly, Idella, weighing the candy (twenty cents a pound!) with a practised hand, looks to be a businesslike woman. But then she had to be. In 1908 she was a young widow. Her children, Lorna and Owen, are seated at the table. Her brother, Milton Neilly, poses with his daughter. But life has a way of changing. Soon after this picture was taken, Idella met and married Ken Craig, principal owner of the Bridgetown Iron Foundry in nearby Bridgetown in the Annapolis Valley. When the foundry burned down in 1912, Craig headed to new opportunities in the farm implements business in Calgary, and the family, including three more children, soon followed. For Idella Craig, time spent in the confectioner's trade was brief. Had it been sweet? Perhaps not. It was not a business to which she ever returned. ■

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in our country's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied at your local photo shop (please don't send priceless originals) and send it to: *Album*, c/o *The Beaver*, #478-167 Lombard Ave., Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your copy returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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OCTOBER/NOVEMBER PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS

THEME NIGHTS This fall, History Television will introduce new theme nights, each focusing exclusively on a particular time period or subject matter.

20th Century Mondays – 9:00 pm ET/PT Looking at the history of the last 100 years, Monday nights will feature programs about the critical events and dominant figures that shaped our times. **20th Century Mondays** will feature *Turning Points of History*, an original documentary series exploring the events that altered the course of world history; the three-part series *Assassinations*; as well as specials on three of the most astonishing engineering marvels of the century: The Golden Gate Bridge, The Great Indian Railway and The Panama Canal.

Ancient History Tuesdays – 9:00 pm ET/PT

Tuesday nights offer a fascinating look at the great wonders, empires, civilizations and cultures of the ages. This themed time block will unravel the mysteries of the past, using stunning cinematography in exotic locations. Programs include *Mystic Lands*, the stories of the great past civilizations of the Incas, the Greeks and the Egyptians, as well as the National Geographic specials *Ancient Graves* and *Treasures of the Past*.



Canadian History Wednesdays – 9:00 pm ET/PT

Wednesday nights feature captivating programming about Canada's rich past, from the men and women who shaped this country to the events that defined our nationhood. Programs include *The Canadians: Biographies of a Nation*, and the award winning *A Scattering of Seeds*.

History of War Thursdays – 9:00 pm ET/PT

Thursday night's programming will explore the history of conflict around the world, from major battles to individual acts of heroism. Programs include *War Stories*, hosted by Lloyd Robertson, featuring new documentaries on such topics as the Nuremberg trials, the Battle of Midway and the U-boat attacks off North America's shores, and the *History of Warfare*, a comprehensive look at the history of military action that has shaped the millennium.



SERIES

• **Tour of Duty** – Monday – Thursday at 11:00 p.m. ET/PT A ground breaking U.S. network series, *Tour of Duty* focuses on a single platoon of young U.S. soldiers during their one-year tour of combat duty in Vietnam during the late 1960s. While their own country is rocked by a massive anti-war movement, these young men find themselves thrown into combat in Southeast Asia, where they face enemy troops and their own fears as they struggle in a hostile environment just to keep themselves and their fellow soldiers alive.

THEME WEEKS

Scandals Week – Monday, October 4th through Saturday, October 9th beginning at 9:00 pm ET/PT



Scandals Week is six nights of programming dedicated to the people and events that have shocked, outraged and offended public sensibilities throughout the century. Programs include *Scandal! Then and Now* a five-part series produced exclusively for History Television, *Margaret – The Last Real Princess*, *The Quiz Show Scandal*, *A Royal Scandal*, *Murder of the Century* and finally the feature film *Compulsion* about the infamous 1924 child murderers Leopold and Loeb.

Remembrance Week – Monday, November 8th through Saturday, November 13th beginning at 9:00 pm ET/PT

In honour of Remembrance Day, History Television will broadcast a number of original documentaries on the war experience, with a focus on Canadians at war. Programs include: *Murder in Normandy*, an examination of the trial and sentence of Commander Kurt Meyer whose 12th SS Panzer Division murdered 158 Canadian soldiers; *Camp X*, a look at the development of this unique Canadian spy training school; *Behind Enemy Lines*, an inside look at the Canadian men and women who were secretly recruited by the Allies to become agents in occupied Europe and Asia; *A Soldiers Voice*, a series of interviews with First World War veterans who reflect on the meaning of "the war to end all wars"; and *Shot at Dawn*, an examination of one of the most shameful and shocking episodes in British military history – the execution of 306 British and Commonwealth servicemen for military offenses during the First World War.

SPECIALS

• **War of 1812** On November 3 & 4 at 9:00 pm ET/PT History Television presents the national broadcast premiere of this epic four-hour miniseries about Canada's greatest unknown military victory. It is the story of a war that decided the fate of a continent. The series explores the war's progress, including the dramatic events leading up to its declaration; the story of Shawnee chief Tecumseh who, along with General Brock, became instrumental in Canada's defense; the emergence of the first American antiwar movement; and the conclusion of the war that saw the British suffer a catastrophic defeat against the future U.S. president, Andrew Jackson.

HISTORY ON FILM – Friday, Saturday, Sunday

at 9:00 p.m. ET/PT

Every week, viewers turn to History Television for some of the greatest stories ever brought to film. **History on Film** delivers top-notch entertainment with a fascinating historical perspective provided by host Ann Medina. Upcoming films include *The Bounty* (October 3), *1941* (October 10), *Birdy* (October 17), *In Cold Blood* (October 31), *Eye of the Needle* (November 6), *Apocalypse Now* (November 13), *JFK* (November 20) and *Bat 21* (November 27).



HISTORY

TELEVISION



EASTERN	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
8:00 AM			THE CAMPBELL			LEGENDS & UNSUNG HEROES	LEGENDS & UNSUNG HEROES
8:30 AM			OLYMPICA			ORIGINS	ORIGINS
9:00 AM			SKETCHES OF OUR TOWN				
9:30 AM		IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY (SEASON 2)				CANADIAN HISTORY	THE 20TH CENTURY
10:00 AM			FASHION QUEST				
10:30 AM			HISTORYLANDS				
11:00 AM			THE UNTOUCHABLES			WORLDS BEST DOCUMENTARIES	WORLDS BEST MINI-SERIES
11:30 AM			RAT PATROL				
12:00 PM			GREAT MYSTERIES AND MYTHS				
12:30 PM							
1:00 PM						WEEKEND SPECIAL	WEEKEND SPECIAL
1:30 PM			HISTORY ON FILM				
2:00 PM							
2:30 PM						WESTERN MATINEE	HISTORY ON FILM
3:00 PM							
3:30 PM			FASHION QUEST				
4:00 PM			DESTINATION: HISTORY			PROFILES	PROFILES
4:30 PM							
5:00 PM			THE UNTOUCHABLES			ANCIENT HISTORY	HISTORY OF WAR
5:30 PM							
6:00 PM		IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY (SEASON 1)					
6:30 PM		FASHION QUEST					
7:00 PM		SPICES, WINES & MANSIONS				DRAMA SERIES	DRAMA SERIES
7:30 PM		HISTORYLANDS					
8:00 PM		IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY (SEASON 2)				WEEKEND SPECIAL	WEEKEND SPECIAL
8:30 PM		GREAT MYSTERIES AND MYTHS					
9:00 PM							
9:30 PM	20TH CENTURY MONDAYS	ANCIENT HISTORY TUESDAYS	CANADIAN HISTORY WEDNESDAYS	HISTORY OF WAR THURSDAY	HISTORY ON FILM		
10:00 PM						HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
10:30 PM							
11:00 PM							
11:30 PM					HISTORY BITES		
12:00 AM							
12:30 AM	20TH CENTURY MONDAYS	ANCIENT HISTORY TUESDAYS	CANADIAN HISTORY WEDNESDAYS	HISTORY OF WAR THURSDAY	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
1:00 AM							
1:30 AM							
2:00 AM							
2:30 AM					HISTORY BITES		
3:00 AM							
3:30 AM						WEEKEND SPECIAL	WEEKEND SPECIAL
4:00 AM							
4:30 AM						DRAMA SERIES	DRAMA SERIES
5:00 AM							
5:30 AM						ANCIENT HISTORY	LEGENDS & UNSUNG HEROES
6:00 AM							ORIGINS
6:30 AM							CABLE IN THE CLASSROOM
7:00 AM						LEGENDS & UNSUNG HEROES	LEGENDS & UNSUNG HEROES
7:30 AM						ORIGINS	ORIGINS

Program changes may occur.

